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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 126. [PUBLISHED
EVERY MONDAY.]

WEEK ENDING APRIL 1ST, 1911.

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ONE & ALL FERTILISERS.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.



No. 126.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 1ST, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

NAVAL SICK-BERTH STAFF.

THEIR PAY AND OPPORTUNITIES.

A limited number of young men are accepted for the Sick-Berth Staff in the Royal Navy. They must be between eighteen and twenty-two years of age, and of excellent character.

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Pay ranges from the 9s. 4d. per week of the probationer to the 30s. a week or so of the Chief Sick-Berth Steward, who, if he is also a Wardmaster at a Naval Hospital or a Hospital Ship, gets an extra 3s. 6d. a week.

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WEDDING FASHIONS.

HOW THEY HAVE CHANGED.

The other day a certain well-born bridegroom was married wearing a black tie. In former years this would have been considered most unlucky, but wedding fashions, more particularly for men, have changed greatly.

The morning-coat is seen quite as often on the bridegroom as the frock-coat, which formerly was *de rigueur*. It was the Chevalier Marconi, of wireless telegraphy fame, by the way, who set this fashion.

Even lounge suits have been seen at a smart wedding, and the whole tendency is towards less formality, and also to less brightness.

The white or light waistcoat has given way to the white slip worn with a dark waistcoat, and, whereas formerly the bridegroom invariably wore a white or bright coloured tie, he now, as we have seen, is sometimes dressed as if for a funeral.

In other directions, also, there have been changes, and perhaps not for the better. In some recent cases the bride and bridegroom have left, not with her leaning on his arm, but walking separately.

The limit was probably reached the other day at a "sensational" registry office wedding, when the bridegroom emerged ahead of his bride, and got into the waiting motor-brougham, leaving her to follow.

CHEEK.

The £100,000 wanted to save Rembrandt's "Mill" has nothing to do with the urgent demand for Standard bread.

A letter posted in London three years ago has just been delivered at a town thirty-six miles out. This is post-haste with a vengeance.

"Prince out after measles," said a recent newspaper report. Surely this is the last thing he would be out after. Hasn't he just had them?

A London baker recently got the sack because one of his firm's customers found a quid of tobacco in a loaf he had made. He got no wages when he left—not even the quid.

People have been throwing cold water on the "dowsers," or users of the divining rod. Rather like carrying coals to Newcastle, isn't it?

Judge Willis day by day.—"A penny biscuit made my lunch when I was a student," said his honour to a litigant. A biscuit that can do things of that sort should be worth a little more.

Our irksome duties.—An American millionaire spent a large part of his golden wedding day in receiving presents worth £100,000. He had hardly any time left to make the day's expenses by hard work.

And still people talk of "the idle rich."

A contemporary has an interesting article headed "Sidelight on Statuary." Is this a compromise between artists and Mrs. Grundy?

The report that a certain garden city is to be bought up and run as an exhibition of eccentrics is not true.

Saved! A man was arrested at a registry office just as he was about to be married. Thoughtful fellows, our police.

My sympathies are with the medical officer for Wantage. He tells the local council that he has not found much time to go rat-catching as ordered by the Local Government Board.

Sir J. Crichton Browne would "condemn all bad cooks to live upon their own productions." Stew in their own juice, to be brutally frank.

After the "harem skirt" comes the "sultana gown." Turkey seems to be supplying a lot of the current fashions.

"TOUCHANGO."

EGG-COLLECTING.

A SPRINGTIME HOBBY.

The man who takes an active interest in natural history finds much of his pleasure in watching and studying the birds of his neighbourhood or county, and not a few of us still keep up our collections of birds' eggs.

The idea that this interesting hobby loses its attraction after one leaves one's schooldays behind is quite erroneous. The truth is that the schoolboy collects on a wrong principle, as he does most things. But to the naturalist who loves to study the birds in their own free life the pursuit of the rare nest and the discovery of the scarce egg is always a source of lively interest.

Just now many a collector of birds' eggs is overhauling his collection. He may have only inferior specimens, even of the commoner eggs, and these he will endeavour to replace by finer examples very shortly when the birds are again beginning to build and lay.

Perhaps there are some divisions in his egg boxes that are still without any specimens at all—rare eggs that "want finding." For these he will search with interest and expectancy.

ARMY CANDIDATES.

THE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS.

The medical and physical tests applied to candidates for Army commissions are pretty severe.

Thus a lad of sixteen must have a chest measurement of from 33 to 35 inches, according to his height, with an expansion of from 2 to 2½ inches, while a youth of eighteen, six foot or more in height, must go 36 round the chest, with an expansion of 2½ inches.

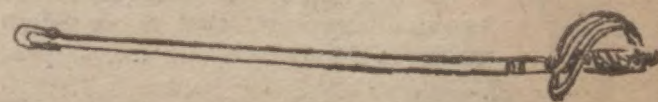
The eyesight tests are particularly severe, and a squint is sufficient to ensure rejection.

On the other hand, colour-blindness is not a cause for turning a man down, which is rather curious, for signalling is sometimes conducted by means of coloured lights.

The teeth are carefully examined. Loss or decay of ten or more teeth will disqualify a candidate, though if his bad teeth have been properly filled, he may be let through.

Particular attention is also paid to his feet and toes, which must be well-formed. Varicose veins, except in a severe degree, do not necessarily debar a man, but he may be required to have them removed by operation.

Further, the candidate's hearing must be good and his speech without impediment. Rupture or inveterate skin disease are fatal defects, as, of course, is any organic unsoundness.



FOOTBALL LAW

SOME KNOTTY TECHNICAL POINTS EXPLAINED.

By "JOCK" HAMILTON, of the Brentford F.C.

No doubt you, reader, have played in more football matches than you can remember, and are well up in the rules of the Association game; well up, that is to say, as far as comes within the province of a player. But have you ever been unfortunate enough to be suddenly called upon to act as a referee *pro tem*? If you have, and if you are not a man of preternatural ability, I can heartily sympathise with your feelings at the time. For the referee is up against one of the hardest jobs that the game of football provides.

There are so many little things continually cropping up that constitute some of the knottiest points of football law, and it may be interesting to touch upon the most important of these here.

WHAT IS A GOAL?

Take, first of all, the rule dealing with the scoring of goals. We know that a point is scored when the ball has passed between the goal-posts and below the bar, not being thrown, knocked on, nor carried by any player of the attacking side. One of the rulings of the Football Association is that the whole of the ball must have passed completely over the goal-line, or touch-line, before it is out of play. So here are some good hints to referees.

Remember that a ball *might* possibly roll right along the goal-line without passing through the goal.

The custodian might be behind his goal-line and still prevent a goal from being scored.

Be very watchful when a shot is put in in mid-air. In catching a ball or "fisting out" a goalkeeper might allow the ball to pass right into his goal.

What are the right circumstances in which to order a "throw-in"? When a ball has been sent into touch one of the opposing players throws it in, in accordance with the regulations. It is the linesman's duty to indicate the spot at which the ball went over.

THROWING IN.

Now, mark this. If the man who throws in disregards the linesman's order and throws in from elsewhere, the referee should give a free-kick against his side.

A player must be stationary on the line before throwing in, *i.e.*, he must not walk up to the touch-line and make his throw all in one movement—as I have seen some "clever" players try to do—for in this way he gains an unfair impetus on the ball.

Now for the knotty "off-side" rule—one which, I dare swear, has worried more referees than any other.

A player is *always* off-side if he is in front of the ball at the time of playing or throwing-in unless there are at least three of his opponents nearer the goal-line than himself.

If there are as many as three opponents nearer their goal line he cannot be off-side.

It is not the point where the player *is* when he plays the ball. It is where he *was* when the ball was last played.

A player who receives the ball from a man in front of him cannot be off-side.

A player standing off-side must not interfere with an opponent in any way.

CORNER-KICKS.

In the matter of corner-kicks an interesting point which is not always recognised is that if a player takes a corner-kick, and the ball strikes the upright and bounds back to him, he must not play it again until some other player has done so.

A word now about gentlemanly conduct on the field. Certain papers have been drawing attention to the alleged fact that a considerable amount of undesirable behaviour takes place during the



course of big professional matches, and while I disagree with this entirely, I think every referee ought to know his exact rights in the matter of dealing with ungentlemanly conduct should it arise. Here we have the ruling of the Football Association:

"In the event of any ungentlemanly behaviour on the part of any of the players, the offender or offenders shall be cautioned, and if the offence is repeated, or in case of violent conduct without any previous caution, the referee shall have power to order the offending player or players off the field of play, and shall transmit the name or names of such player or players to his or their National Association, who shall deal with the matter."

"VIOLENT CONDUCT."

It is interesting to note that if a player uses violent and bad language to a referee, it is deemed to be violent conduct within the meaning of the foregoing regulation.

What is more, any misconduct to a referee away from the field of play will be dealt with in the same way as if the offence had been committed on the field.

Finally, here are a few miscellaneous hints to referees, chiefly with regard to their relations with the linesmen.

The referee is the sole judge of everything that occurs on the field of play, the linesmen's position being that of his assistants. Should he disagree with any of their decisions he can overrule them.

THE LINESMEN.

The linesmen's duties are to keep the referee advised as to when the ball is out of play; who kicked it out, and so on. Where they are "neutral," *i.e.*, when not connected with either of the clubs, in whose match they are officiating, they must also call the referee's attention to rough play or other misconduct.

In conclusion, a good referee decides promptly. He does not allow the game to drag on while he thinks out a decision. And if a claim is not made *at once* the referee should ignore it.

JOCK HAMILTON.

A REFORMED CHARACTER.

He had been burning the candle of pleasure at both ends, and the old friend remonstrated with him. "Look here," he said, "it's time you took a pull. This 'Wine, Women, and Song' business is all very well, but you can't last at the pace you're going. You must give them up."

A few days later they met again, and the elder expressed the hope that his advice had been followed. "Oh, yes, old chap," said the other, radiant, "I am quite a reformed character. I've given up singing."

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

AN ARTICLE OF INTEREST ONLY TO THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE MATRIMONY.

It is somewhat depressing to consider how many young couples begin their married life under the most auspicious circumstances, but who, after the glamour has worn off, lapse into what might well be described as a "you go your way, and I'll go my way" sort of existence.

To the casual observer they are still a happy pair, for they never squabble, and they never interfere with one another, but to the student of human nature, who sees below the surface, it is painfully evident that there is lacking that bond of sympathy and interest in each other, without which no man and wife can hope to attain the truest matrimonial happiness.

"Why is it?" asks the wife when she first becomes aware of the breach that is springing up between them.

"Why is it?" asks the husband. "We used to get on so well together."

"He never interests himself in the things that I like," says the wife.

"She never cares to hear about my business or my hobbies," says the husband.

It is often quoted that "Beauty is but skin deep." True, it is, but it is a great influence nevertheless, and the average man, when seeking a wife, quickly succumbs to the charms of a pretty face. He becomes a slave to the fascinating personality of the owner, which, while the novelty lasts, is all-sufficient, and so he fancies that he has met the one woman in the world who is suited to him, and marries her.

All goes well for a time, but this kind of superficial fascination never lasts, and the married life that is to be a success should be based upon a much firmer foundation.

When a man marries, he is, in most cases, very much in love with his wife, but it is only natural that when he has become accustomed to seeing her always in his home, and when there are a hundred and one petty little trials and troubles to be faced, that this passionate love should not only little, and then it is, if they have been not only lovers but real pals with mutual interests, that husband and wife still remain all in all to each other.

The wife is always happy to hear the details of her husband's daily business, and often can help him with many useful little hints.

While penning these notes, I have in mind two friends of my own who are married, and who, in my thinking, are ideally happy.

Neither of them, though quite pleasing in appearance, is what one would call "remarkably handsome," but I should describe them as real good pals.

During the first few months of their married life they were singularly unfortunate in their financial affairs.

Before her marriage the wife had been in business, and in receipt of a good income, quite sufficient to allow her to satisfy most of her desires, but she did not remind her husband of this fact in those early days of hardship, and has never regretted the time when she married him.

They have many interests in common. Both are fond of music, both thoroughly enjoy an evening at the theatre, and an occasional visit to the music-hall. Their income will not, however, allow of these pleasures to be indulged in too often, but as both are well-read, they find many subjects to discuss in the evenings spent at home, when the wife often joins her husband in smoking a cigarette.

There are many who would condemn her on this fact alone, but I consider that she is an ideal wife for her husband. She would not dream of doing such a thing when others are present as when they are by their two selves, in their own home, there is no harm, and I have often heard her husband declare that she is the best pal a man could have, and surely the word "pal" in a man's vocabulary means a good deal.

G. WATSON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By

C. J. NEWTON.

CAPTAIN WAIN'S ANCHORAGE



He based his claims to that admission, it is believed, on the fact that a board outside his shop in the High Street of Lorany Town had "Ships supplied" written thereon. He had picked up a little mercantile marine talk, and cultivated something of a nautical waistcoat, correctly adorned in the front with a compass.

At first he was a model in his behaviour. He believed, or pretended to believe, all the things the Captain told of the Seven Seas. In fact, some of the stories that even James Mears took with a pinch of salt he swallowed unsaliated.

And then one day he spoilt it all!

He disturbed the serenity of the Circle with one fell sentence, spoken as the Captain was allowing the hot rum to run off his glass crusher according to custom.

"Good heavens, Cap'n," he said, "you *must* be bloomin' mean!"

And he laughed!

It was a scene only equalled dramatically by Cromwell's refusal of the Crown of England!

It was an act of desecration.

It was sacrilege.

The Circle waited for something to fall on him. Captain Wain gazed upon him transfixed as though he were waiting for the Devil to rise from a cloud of blue smoke and vanish with this sinful grocer. When five minutes had elapsed, however, and nothing had happened, the Captain said weakly that he would go home. He did not reappear for a week, and until his revenge came he was not the same man.

And it was the good grey sea that avenged her son. There came a day in the month of March, 1906 (says John Wilcox), when a wind, from some point of the compass where the flood-nurseries are, swept over Lorany Cove. It was morning, and the Captain was having the glass of hot rum that it was his habit to take at eleven o'clock.

As he was taking the third drink, the grocer entered by one door and the sea by the other. The Captain avoided both as far as possible. John Wilcox, disregarding his unworthy customer, looked out of the window and saw that the patched-up breakwater had given way.

"Tide's up all along the coast!" cried the grocer, cheerily. "I've just come along here quick to tell you. What a fine sight it will be, every one says, to see the old 'Net Mender's Arms' swept away. Landlord—you'd better get out!"

"Get out," said the landlord, blankly. "Me? Get out?"

The Captain, walking somewhat creakily by way of the long bench, had made his passage to the front doorway.

"Going, Cap'n?" asked the landlord, a little reproachfully.

"Never, John!" said the Captain, stoutly. "I shall stick to the ship. And so shall that rat!"

He pointed with the key of the door (that he had locked) to the gross grocer.

"You will stay here and add to the 'fine sight' if there's to be one, sir," said the Captain.

Now when one remembers that the "Net-Mender's Arms" has survived a score such floods, it will be seen that Captain Wain must not be mistaken for a hero. Sober investigation shows plainly that he ran far less risk of getting his feet wet by remaining than by going.

In that case, you may say, why did they not turn the grocer out? Well, perhaps it is fitting that only Captain Wain should know the reason; yet from a certain sly nod that John Wilcox passed to him, almost imperceptibly, it seems that he, too, knew of the fulness of his revenge.

It is a little heart-rending to go back to the scene in the bar-parlour again, for surely it is no light matter to see Captain Wain, sitting in his accustomed seat by the window, a monument of perturbed dignity. The water now was three inches deep on the floor, and still coming in at the back door by bucketsfull, wherefore the Captain had to put his feet up and look as grotesque as John Wilcox did when the gout got him, periodically, for its own.

When the clock pointed to 11.45, and the custom of years decreed that he should have his second hot rum, Captain Wain had again to make the passage over the rising flood by means of the useful long form. But it hurt his knees grievously when he had to kneel down on the hard, narrow form in order to reach the little grog-kettle from off the hob. (In periods of levity, John Wilcox will go so far as to tell you that when he was in this position the form tipped slightly like a kicking horse. What a moment it must have been to the Captain until it regained its hind legs again!)

And all this time the perky little grocer, making the best of things, was actually swinging his legs from the bar counter and trying to look as if he were not terribly afraid!

The rebellious tide continued to rise long past the time of high-water. Captain Wain had once more recourse to the long form, and this time it was to make his way to the bar-counter—to sit thereon by the side of the infinitesimal Barnaby Fratton!

It must have galled him, even though inwardly the knowledge of the surprise in store for the grocer must have cheered him.

By one o'clock, the flood showed signs of abating; by one-thirty the high-water mark in the bar-parlour was reduced to three inches; by two o'clock only a few stray shrimps were left kicking about on the floor that boasted but a sixteenth of an inch of water.

The waters had receded, leaving, as usual, the quay of Lorany Cove somewhat damp, bedraggled in appearance—and the town of Lorany, which is below sea-level, completely under water.

Seeing these things, Captain Wain performed the act of Noah and flung open the door.

"You can go now," he said quietly to the grocer.

"Well, I've to thank you gentlemen for keeping my feet from getting damp," said Barnaby Fratton, flippantly.

The Captain took two deliberate but jerky puffs at his semi-churchwarden before replying.

"We'll be even kinder nor that," he said. "That little boat on the foreshore there belongs to John Wilcox and me. We'll freely lend it to you—to row home in. No, don't interrupt me, sir—you've only to go to the end of the quay, where the Town begins, to prove the truth o' my words."

"Good heavens!" said the grocer, tensely.

"And there's one thing I might add," the Captain went on. "If you happen to have larned the science o' navigation in a better school to that where you got y'r manners from, it *may* be possible for you to steer the boat into your shop door, and just save a few o' the dry goods on the top shelves!"



THE VIOLENT VIOLINISTS



A SKETCH.

By MAX MAY.



two, a black-eye, if more ostentatious, is yet cheaper. Also you do at least have a chance to lie about how many ribs of the other man's you fractured.

George, I regret to say, does not stick to the truth. He says he broke three of my ribs, but I dare not contradict it in my neighbourhood, because the doctor is only charging me for attendance on two, and if he were to accuse me of having three broken, I could not very well deny it.

George and I live in the same terrace and, practically speaking, in the same house. The only difference is that the builders forgot to put any doors leading from my rooms into George's rooms, so that when they discovered their mistake too late they were smart enough to charge our mutual landlord for two houses, which is finance, if it is not all that is to be desired of a builder.

George and I are both performers on the violin and the tune I can play best cost my guardians about fifteen pounds, I think. Then my tutor died.

The first thing a warrior used to do in the old days when he took a castle, was to find a nice place where he could hang up his sword where it would not get rusty. Similarly when I take each fresh house I look out for a nice spot where I can hang up my violin. I hate to have it hiding itself in the sombre-looking black case the dealer put in for the odd half-crown in the ten shillings.

The same thought was, it appeared, always in George's mind. We are the same, in fact, about a lot of things, but George once saw fit to remark that he thanked Heaven the violin that hung up on his wall was not the same make as mine.

He said this almost immediately after I had hung mine up. I knocked a nail in the wall, and then George came round to see me. But there was no need for him to be so annoyed. The nail had only made the tiniest scratch on the back of his violin. We compromised on my consenting to give the nail another tap. Thus, the same nail supported both instruments. There is much that is economical about these builder's mistakes.

It was from that that our musical acquaintance started. It is a great thing to have a friend with a hobby in common with you. George was the sort of disinterested chap who was never averse to knocking on the wall and telling me when I was playing out of tune. Also, he took such a keen concern in my little studies that he would frequently ask me, through the wall, what I was playing.

Considerate to a fault, I expect it was because I was looking a little pale that he once remarked that I ought to try practising in the open air, seated the while on some rustic gate.

But for all these excellent traits in his character, it was impossible to avoid noticing that George thought himself a little superior to me. And the reason of this affectation on his part was because he belonged to the local Amateur String Band.

It was considered very smart to belong to the String Band. It was on the same exclusive plane as the Dramatic Society, and just as difficult to

belong to. You had to know, in the String Band, exactly whose eyes you could safely poke your bow into; just as in the Dramatic Society, you had to be certain precisely how far to go in the love scenes without causing a scandal in the neighbourhood. Having acquired these points, it was easy going until you came to the music stands. Those that were the property of the String Band fell over more readily than any stands an amateur kettle-drum boy ever put the wrong parts on to.

If in the excitement of a crescendo movement you beat time with your foot (in total disregard of the bandmaster's instructions) those stands promptly impaled themselves on your bow.

The conductor was very nice, even if just a little vituperative now and then. For the rest, they were a well-meaning lot, although frequently enough I found that I was the only one playing in the correct time.

That, briefly sketched, is the orchestra I have played in but once. After that they got up a subscription to get out of the workhouse the second violinist whose place I took, so that I had no further practical experience in it.

Everyone having been so considerate to me, however, I was not going to desert them. I had the entrée to the little schoolroom where they practised. I knew the charwoman who cleaned out the rest of the school on that night, and if they happened carelessly to lock the door before I got there she always lent me the key of the back entrance. When I walked in with my old reassuring smile the conductor always tried to hide how pleased he was to see me. But, you see, I have been to amateur orchestral rehearsals in suburban London. I know all about how these things should be done—so why should I have been averse to lending what little assistance I could give as an unobtrusive but expert member of the audience. That is how I argued it out with myself, and one evening when George said he was not going on playing if I intended to stop, I duly appreciated his modesty, and testified to the fact that I always found it a pleasure to hear him try my pieces over, even after I had been practising them myself. What better tribute can one brother artist give to another? And to cap it all the conductor promptly said he could believe it!

I suppose this flattery must have calmed George down, for he exhibited no signs of nervousness when I took a seat just near him and the second violin.

Of course, I knew all the things they played. Provincial amateur orchestras are always kind in this way. If ever you want to hear the tunes that were popular in your boyhood's distant day you can go and listen to them disporting themselves on the strings of the local amateur band as saucily as young Gaiety scores.

They made rather a hash of it, I thought. In every case it seemed to me that the violin parts were too marked, and at last I said so.

The conductor, after I had repeated this several times, said that perhaps it was because I was sitting too near the violins. The second violinist—poor chap, I suppose he considered me as a

rival—agreed with the conductor very quickly. "What you ought to do, if you want to be of any real assistance to us," said the conductor, "is to go back a bit and then you will be better able to give us your opinion of the whole effect."

Now why—why are the most well-intentioned remarks seized on by jealous people as ones for unnecessary bitterness?

"Yes," George grunted, echoing the conductor's request. "And get back as far as possible, then we sha'n't hear it."

DON'T THROW AWAY

An old leather belt. Rubbed with a little olive oil now and then, it will make an excellent strop for your razor.

Empty tobacco tins. They will be just what you want when you buy some "loose" mixture and find you have mislaid your pouch.

Cigar and cigarette ends. Soaked in hot water, which should then be allowed to cool, they will make an excellent infusion with which to water plants that have been attacked by insects.

NEGRO BOXERS' SHAVEN HEADS.

Coloured boxers nearly always have their heads shaved before a contest. Sam Langford, for example, looked as bald as an owl when he stood up to Bill Lang.

The reason of this is not, as a lady friend of the writer suggested, that the negro is afraid lest his opponent should grip him by the "wool." The negro's hair is so stiff and wiry, and offers such resistance to a blow, that a punch glancing on the side or top of the head would probably rip the scalp off. And, of course, the continual shaving makes the hair stiffer than ever.

RUGBY PENALTIES.

As several correspondents have asked for information on the subject, we print below a full list of the offences for which free kicks are awarded as penalties by the rules of Rugby football.

- These are when a player:
 1. Intentionally either handles the ball, or falls down in a scrum, or picks the ball out of a scrum.
 2. Does not immediately put the ball down in front of him on being tackled.
 3. Being on the ground, does not immediately get up.
 4. Prevents an opponent getting up, or putting the ball down.
 5. Illegally tackles, charges, or obstructs an opponent, e.g., when he, the offender, is offside.
 6. Wilfully holds an opponent who has not got the ball.
 7. Wilfully hacks, hacks-over, or trips up.
 8. Wilfully puts the ball unfairly into a scrum, or, the ball having come out, wilfully returns it by hand or foot into the scrum.
 9. Not himself running for the ball, charges or obstructs an opponent not holding the ball.
 10. Shouts "all on side" or words to that effect when his players are not on side.
 11. Not in a scrum, wilfully obstructs his opponents' backs by remaining on his side of the ball when it is in a scrum.
 12. Wilfully prevents the ball being fairly put into a scrum.
 13. Wilfully and systematically breaks any law, for which the penalty is scrum, or causing unnecessary loss of time.
 14. Being in a scrum, lifts a foot from the ground before the ball has been put into such scrum. This is known as "foot up," and there is far too much of it.



THE KING'S CLEVER MOVE

Regarding the Honour conferred upon Lord Kitchener.

In the daily newspapers there has appeared the following brief notice:

"The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Field-Marshal the Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., to command the troops assembled in London on the occasion of their Majesties' Coronation."

From the very moment of his accession, King George has been not only tactful but clever, and this is the boldest and most brilliant step that he has taken.

For some time Lord Kitchener has been one of the unemployed. He was offered the command of the forces in the Mediterranean, but he refused it, because in that connection there was no work to do. It was for precisely the same reason that the Duke of Connaught resigned that post.

Political papers are always unkind to one another and to the party they oppose, and they endeavour to make capital on behalf of their own party out of every trivial occurrence. It was said at the time that the War Office officials were afraid of the reforms that Lord Kitchener would introduce if he were given an appointment at home, and that they wanted to pack him off to the Mediterranean in order to keep him out of the way.

NOT FOR POLITICAL REASONS.

It may be that officialdom is afraid of Lord Kitchener's energy, and that it trembles at the thought of the drastic methods that he has been in the habit of employing in order to attain efficiency. The officials at the War Office may hate Lord Kitchener, but it is an error to suppose that there is any political undercurrent in the matter.

When he attends the House of Lords, Lord Kitchener, like Lord Roberts, sits on the cross benches, committing himself neither to one party nor to the other.

He is not a politician, and it is unfair to suggest that he has been kept in the background for political reasons.

But he is most emphatically a valuable public servant, and probably the greatest public living at the present day, and the public know it.

He is without pity, and there are some who say that his heart is as steely as his eyes. It may be so, but if he is hard he is also just. The men who have served under him have never had an easy time of it, but they have always been brought up to their highest degree of efficiency, and an efficient army is what we require.

THE FIRST STEP.

The British public know the merits of Lord Kitchener, and they also know that, for some reason or another, his services have not been utilised by the State as they ought to have been. It has been left to His Majesty to honour this great soldier, and to gratify his people by giving him the appointment in question.

It is a very clever move on the King's part. In a sense the appointment may be considered a purely honorary one, but the writer has reason to believe that it is the first step towards putting Lord Kitchener into that position to which his military talents entitle him.

The King is most careful not to enter into politics in any way, but he has a power greater than that of either of the leaders of the political parties, for he is loved by all his subjects, while the party leaders are each supported by only a section.

It has been said that when the King's elder

brother, the Duke of Clarence, died, His Majesty was much disappointed at having to give up his naval career, and to prepare himself for the burden of kingship which has now fallen upon him.

He may have been an unwilling king—and who can blame him, for the duties of a king are hard—but he has given his heart to his work on every occasion, and has always done the right thing.

He has done exactly what ought to have been done in appointing Lord Kitchener as Commander of the troops assembled in London for the Coronation.

Lord Kitchener is a favourite of the people, and in honouring him His Majesty has honoured his people's wishes, and added greatly to his popularity.

A LOYAL TOAST.

His reign has not yet been long, but it is safe to predict that nothing will be lacking on his part to make it a successful period for the welfare of his country.

In every officers' mess after dinner, the King's health is drunk. The mess-president rises to his feet, and says to the vice-president:

"Mr. Vice, the King!"

The vice-president, generally one of the youngest subalterns, then stands up, and says, raising his glass:

"Gentlemen, the King!"

Then all the officers stand, raise their glasses, and say: "The King! God bless him!"

That sentiment is exactly how we all feel with regard to King George.

A. R.

CLUB NEWS.

MANCHESTER.—The Manchester MODERN MAN Club has taken large premises situated at 174, London Road, Manchester. Those desiring to join should write to the Secretary, Mr. A. S. Pellant, 9, Joule Street, Blackley, Manchester.

DEWSBURY.—At a recent meeting of the Dewsbury and District MODERN MAN Club, Mr. J. A. Shepherd was unanimously elected President of that Club.

PAISLEY.—Mr. W. F. McNeill, 56, Neilston Road, Paisley, is organising a MODERN MAN Club for that town, and we trust that all readers in Paisley and district will assist him to make it a success.

EDINBURGH.—The concert recently held in connection with the Edinburgh MODERN MAN Social and Athletic Club was a complete success. Several members of the Glasgow Club came to Edinburgh for this event. We are glad that the Edinburgh and Glasgow Clubs are on such excellent terms with one another, and we should like to see this friendly spirit developed as much as possible. The secretaries of the various clubs can get many valuable hints by communicating with one another.

SPORT v. SLAUGHTER.

It is every true sportsman's desire to minimise as far as possible the idea of mere killing in his sports. No man can for long continue to enjoy sport that he knows will provide an absolutely certain bag. It becomes monotonous as shelling peas. One might as well set a trap and go about some other business. Such sport requires no skill and no patience, and is better left alone.

THE "FRILLS" OF SPORT.

PARAPHERNALIA THAT YOU HAVE TO LIVE UP TO.

People are often inclined to jeer at the sportsman who goes in for expensive luxuries in the way of implements, accessories, and so on.

Certainly, there is no type of sportsman more admirable or more lovable than the man who is as simple and unostentatious in his sporting gear as he is in his habits and life. At the same time, I have a sneaking affection for the "gilded" sportsman.

There may be no particular sense in paying five or six guineas for a split-cane trout rod, when you can get an article which is quite as serviceable for half the money.

In sporting tools you soon reach a point where money can go no further.

There is not nearly the same difference between a shilling cigar and a sixpenny one than there is between a sixpenny cigar and a twopenny Flor de Cabbagio.

And so with guns, rods, bats, racquets, golf clubs, you may pay a big price without really getting a better article than something much cheaper. Where you get your money's worth is in the pride and joy you take in these superfine implements.

Fishing in particular lends itself to extravagance. There is the £5 split-cane rod of which I have already spoken. There is the "Blythwood" salmon-rod which will run you into £11 or thereabouts.

You can get an excellent salmon casting line for three shillings, but if your tastes are Sybaritic and your purse well lined, you will have one which costs half-a-sovereign. May-flies—artificial I mean, of course—cost 3s. 6d. a dozen in the ordinary way, but if you have them made with Egyptian goose wings, you will have to pay nearly twice as much.

You can easily spend a small fortune on gaffs, landing nets, reels and creels, tackle-boxes, and so on, and yet you can get a serviceable angling outfit, at least everything that is indispensable, for a few pounds.

Men contrive to spend quite a lot on golf clubs. I bought a new mashie the other day. The price was 8s. 6d., and I know perfectly well that I could play just as badly with one at half the money. But, as Harry Lauder *doesn't* sing, "I love a mashie."

You cannot really improve on a guinea bat, but if you like to pay twice that sum, they are to be had.

As for guns, you can pay almost anything, but once you pass the £40 mark you are paying as a rule for fancy work.

Then there are the sartorial "frills" of sport, the "cunning" jackets and breeches, the elegantly made boots and tops, the peculiar hats and caps. They are not really necessary to sport, but still I think the possession of the latest thing in sporting garments adds to your enjoyment.

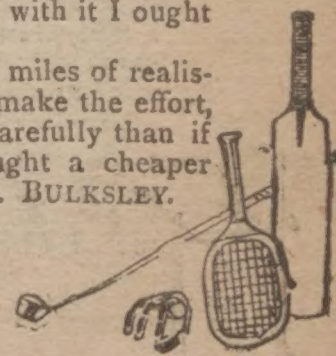
It may be a feminine trait, this love of sporting fashions which distinguishes a good many sportsmen, but I do not know that it is a despicable one.

Of course there are bad sportsmen, rank duffers, who seek to hide their deficiencies under a cloak of ultra-sporting clothes and multifarious, and expensive, but mainly useless gear. At the same time, a man may be dandified in his attire, he may turn up his nose at anything that does not come from the best and most expensive of makers, and yet be a very keen and thorough sportsman.

Certainly the "frills" of sport have a moral influence. You have to live up to them. There is that mashie of mine. I feel that with it I ought to approach like J. H. Taylor.

Of course, I sha'n't come within miles of realising this daydream. Still, I shall make the effort, and study approach shots more carefully than if I had saved my money and bought a cheaper club.

C. G. BULKSLEY.



My Sporting Trophies

SOME MEMORIES OF HOW I WON THEM.

Vainglorious as the subject of this article may sound, I hope the reader will acquit me of "bucking" when I explain that my sporting trophies are few in number and insignificant in value.

"Then why make a song about them?" some of you may justly ask.

Really, I scarcely know what excuse to offer. You have been good enough to bear with my lucubrations (good word, patent applied for) almost from the first number of *THE MODERN MAN*, and the Editor still continues to issue his weekly ukase: "Let's have a yard or two of your stuff by first post Monday, 'Chinstrap.'"

I believe, too, that this story is threatened with a moral.

Just because my trophies could be counted on the fingers of one hand, are they dear to me. Was there not more rejoicing over the lamb that was found, &c.?

NOT A VALUABLE LOT.

And then their insignificance makes them still more precious. Nobody could accuse me of being a pot-hunter, for I am sure that no pawnbroker in his senses would give me five bob for the lot.

Also, to quote the reason somebody gave for liking the Garter, there is no "d-d merit" about my athletic achievements.

The trophies represent no sacrifice of the flesh, no turning of sport into a business. I never trained for anything in my life, beyond taking an extra glass or two of port to keep my strength up. And perhaps mediocrity gets more fun and pleasanter memories out of sport than the champion, who has to take himself and his contests *au grand sérieux*.

However, what started me on these reminiscences was the preliminary mutterings of that annual domestic thunderstorm, known as "Spring cleaning." This is when I have to be very much on the alert, lest my most cherished personal household goods be converted into geraniums and maidenhair ferns.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Last year, for example, it was only with great difficulty and at the cost of half a crown that I redeemed my school football cap—a chaste thing of blue velvet and silver braid, with an enormous silver tassel, from the clutches of the rag-and-bone merchant.

So far as I remember I got into the fifteen at Merchiston Castle chiefly because I was one of few to escape an epidemic of measles.

Besides the usual cut-throat struggles against Fettes and Loretto, we used to play club teams, and I well remember one match against Edinburgh University. Mr. G. J. Bonnor, the Australian cricketer, was among the students. I may remind the present generation that he was about eight feet high, and built to scale.

He got away with the ball and was on me before I could get out of the way. I was a bit of a high-jumper, so in desperation I sprang about five feet in the air, and clasped him round one knee.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

I felt like an ant clinging to a telegraph pole. Bonnor didn't notice me, and went on to ground the ball between the posts. Then I suppose he felt something tickling him. Anyway, he put down his hand and pushed me away. Fortunately, I came to rest against the capacious waistcoat of the French master who was among the spectators in the pavilion, otherwise I should probably have broken my neck, and sometimes I think it was a pity I didn't.

Mention of the high-jump brings up a medal which records the fact that I won the



first prize for high-jumping at an athletic meeting promoted by the Wanderers' Club, Halifax, Nova Scotia; a good many more years ago than I exactly care to think about.

I had joined my regiment only a week or two, and my brother officers were anxiously wondering what the devil I *could* do. They had tried me at cricket, and my average was .0001; they had tried me at lawn-tennis, and I had distinguished myself chiefly by driving the only ball I returned through the Colonel's drawing-room windows into the middle of a tea-fight which was being given by Mrs. C.O.

MY RECORD.

I had cut an awful gash in the billiard-table; a Newfoundland puppy of which I had become possessed had eaten the adjutant's patent-leather boots; I had lost the Company's Defaulter Book, entrusted to my care by my confiding captain; and in endeavouring to do the bayonet-exercise I had nearly blinded our best drill-instructor.

So when this meeting came along I was told to do something or go and join the Indian Staff Corps.

Finding that there was a reduction on taking a quantity, I entered for everything. The first event was "Throwing the Cricket Ball," and as I had once seen H. L. Fleming (now Major H. L. Fleming, ex-amateur billiard champion) throw the cricket ball—he held the world's school record—I felt I ought to have quite a good chance. Unfortunately, my hand slipped or something, and the ball shot off at right angles and laid out the starter, who was also one of our Majors.

A THREAT THAT SUCCEEDED.

I am sure I should have won the 100 yards had it been 80 yards shorter, while if I did not win the weight-putting, the spectators could not complain, as they had been doing, of the officials obscuring their view, for after my first put the entire body of judges starters, &c., made a bee-line for the refreshment tent.

However, my hopes centred chiefly on the high-jump. Although I succeeded in spiking one of the judges, all went well until 4ft. 8in. was reached, when I failed twice. This meant one more shot, and it was at this juncture that the Colonel sent over word to say that if I didn't get over next time he would have me tried by court-martial.

I don't know what the charge would have been, "disgracing the regiment," I suppose, but the threat was more than enough, and at the next bound I got a long way nearer

Heaven than I fear I am ever likely to get now.

My panic continuing, I went on, and eventually won—"nobody more surprised than the striker."

My next trophy is a well-worn "pocket pistol." This I won at a gymkhana meeting at Kingston, Jamaica. It was for a "trick and tie" race. You compete in couples, one man being mounted, the other dismounted. The race is 50 yards or so to a post, the dismounted man hanging on to the other's stirrup leather, then you change places and return to the winning post.

HOW WE WON.

I ran to start with, and somehow or other we managed to change places before any one else. My unfortunate partner, however, did the last ten yards of the return journey on his nose—I had dragged him off his feet, but he was game and hung on—and by way of heaping injury on injury I fell off on top of him the moment we passed the post.

I remember the incident chiefly, however, for the rejoicings that followed after my partner had been put into poultices.

I had only landed that morning from home leave, and with me on the steamer had been some wild Highlanders—O. T., oh, very O. T. They came up to the gymkhana, and they were anything but strictly sober when they arrived. My success, as that of a bristly Scot, fairly set them off. Having procured everything in the refreshment tent, they proceeded to chair me round the arena, howling "Scots wha hae," and insulting everybody they came across. They called the General a "pot-bellied Saxon," which was libellously true, and advised him to try oatmeal for his complexion. Ripping for me, wasn't it?

A SOUTH AFRICAN TROPHY.

My last "treasure," anyway for the present, is a "Zarp's" helmet. "Zarp" was the name given to the Dutch policemen in Jo'burg before the war. I think it stood for "Zud Afrikanischer Republiks Polizei," or something like that.

Anyway, Zarp-hunting was a favourite sport in those days, and I became possessed of this helmet in the course of an intellectual evening following on a football tournament dinner.

I fancy the Chief of Police heaved a sigh of relief when coach and train bore us on our several ways.

The only prize I am likely to win now is the "Booby Prize" at a whist-drive.

"CHINSTRAP."

QUICKNESS IN HITTING.

Far and away the greatest factor of success in boxing is quickness in hitting; but it is not every man who possesses it. The cause of this prevalent failing is that instructors—except those of very high class—often teach their pupils a faulty position of the hands and arms. They insist on the learner holding his left out stiffly and his right pressed tightly across the diaphragm—two very grave errors which are bound to make a man slow in hitting.

It is easy to see that in such a position the boxer cannot shoot out his hands with anything approaching the quickness necessary to deceive his adversary.

What is known as the American style—but which is, in fact, used by all our own professional pugilists—is recognised as making for the greatest possible degree of speed.

In this style, the boxer holds his arms, not tightly pressed to his body, but, if anything, at an apparently exaggerated distance from it. They should move easily and continually striking out and forwards as though in the act of striking, so that when the boxer wants actually to put in a hit he can do so with the utmost degree of quickness and deceptiveness.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

THE MISERY MERCHANT.

Merchant. Raising your hand deprecatingly, a very easy matter after a little practice, you pass that seething mob.



I have for all men who are afflicted with any of the minor ills a tonic which is as efficacious as any on the market. It is especially suitable to those who are recovering but slowly from a severe attack of the ultramarine blues. Pip victims all love men once again; the honest swain, crossed and loves, forgets the little band-box girl, who has dispensed with his embraces in favour of those of an unworthy rival. The prescription is a draught of racing, taken on a sunny Saturday afternoon at any Metropolitan park. It is rarely pleasant in the swallowing if one uses discretion and is careful not to lose the indispensable return of a bet.

It goes down best of all, perhaps, when accompanied by a modest flavouring of that which is in the wallet of the bookmaker. Being never fail to advise convalescent friends to view the mountains of Switzerland, to turn up their noses at the mention of the word Aix-les-Bains—and to take the cure of, say, an afternoon's meandering around Kempton's peaceful paddock. Where are the equine aristocrats, the gorgeous-jacketted jockeys, the fair ladies, and the all-pervading and soothing atmosphere of good racing.

Despite the fact that Drury Lane never fails to represent racing as something too dramatic for lightness, gaiety, and vivacity. True enough, it is usually the bookmakers who are the gayest and the "heads," who keep all things to themselves, but you must not take them then this cure with confidence. Lightness of spirit (and if that is obtained, what, after all, matters lightness of purse?) is for you so long as you follow the instructions printed on the label.

Just as stout taken on top of a dose of quinine and orange never went well, so must you keep clear of one thing. You must avoid the Misery Merchant.

If once one of these gets hold of you, it is difficult if you will be able to shake him clear. I would far rather consort with a professional relater of the anecdote than with a Misery Merchant. The gentlemen who "tell the tale" to you have at least a living to get by it. They rely on the hope of springs eternal in the human breast. They do not dash it down. They speak brightly of certainties in the next race, of grateful stable-boys whom they have done a good turn, and who have sought to repay it by imparting to them the secrets of the trainer's sphinx-like mind, the quality of tie-pin the jockey is "on" in the event of victory, and the authenticated intention of the animal himself to quit fooling about at the post on the next occasion, and show those cabhorses from the market, Epsom, Kingsclere, or Beckhampton how to win a race.

How different is it with the Misery Merchant!

He is usually the family-man type of racegoer who brings his sandwiches wrapped up in the thickest of serviettes. He is eminently respectable. He is the sort of man that you, as one who remembers that all strangers who talk optimistically of racing are after something at the expense of the unwary, cotton on to at once.

A man who looks at the programme of the next race, finishes his glass of iced water in disgust, and observes that not one of the horses in that race is worth the cost of shipping to Amsterdam, cannot be suspected of an attempt to work the confidence trick. You put him down as one on the best of terms with workers of the course is more wonderful to a layman who imagines himself 'cute than the well-coated, secretive, racegoer who wears a secured cameo in his tie, a spade-guinea chain and large but opulent-looking boots.

But beware! it is also in many of the guise of a Misery Merchant.

After he has made the sweeping statement

anent the quality of the field for the next, he will proceed to inscribe a lot of mystic signs against the names of the entrants. By this time he is addressing you as "young man" or "youngster," and you have gained confidence because of his fatherliness.

Being ever ready to play up to the part (I will put it like that) you ingenuously ask what those marks mean—in a tone that suggests if he wants to play a little game of noughts and crosses to pass the time you are not averse. Oh (he says), they are the horses that are to be backed as forlorn hopes by owners whom they have brought nigh unto the Bankruptcy Court.

He mumbles along unhappily over the pages of M'Call, weighing up their wretched performances, ostentatiously taking a line through one or other's tenth to an aged but steady old handicap horse, and finishes up with a brief homily on the abysmal depths to which racing is sinking.

Reverting by painful process and through reams of equine demoralisation to the race again, his demeanour conveys to you the idea that this is the last attempt on the part of those three horses to lose more of mankind's money before being converted into the contents of so many thousand glue-pots. He leaves you with a mournful promise to tell you what *might* win it, if his old friend So-and-So is anywhere to be seen. (But he, poor chap, is only just recovering from an attack of Scandinavian bronchitis.)

Thus, for a space you are fortunately bereft of the Misery Merchant. You cast a wan glance at the barmaid of Tattersall's buffet. She suggests brandy, but your own inclination is for a blameless "Schweppes-and-a-slice-of-lemon, miss, please." Brandy is too much associated with the sterner life. Villains who are going to nobble Derby favourites drink nothing else.

You realise how futile nobbling anything in the way of horseflesh is. Why run the risk? They would probably lose in any case. Having made a few observations to this effect (and with a watery smile) to the barmaid, she is kind enough to give you the last kick into the Slough of Despond by unmistakably turning the back of her one-piece Magyar blouse to you.

You lurch out into the Ring, like a man trying to think with clarity during the building operations at Babel. . . . What is all this excitement, why all this raging, why all this gnashing of ten-guinea gold and vulcanite cases?

It seems that there is a horse-race, that the company wishes to wager on what will be first. And to what end? One beast will receive the acclamations of the crowd, the others will be referred to as fragments of cat's-meat, milch-cows, dog-horses, or anything that the elastic vocabulary of the disappointed backer covers.

Such thoughts, more or less, suggest themselves to you when you are under the bane of the Misery

Somehow, you want to get somewhere quiet to ruminate on the iniquity of racing, to see those poor, pale-faced, pinched (not in the taken-into-custody sense) boys, that only too probably are beaten every day by remorseless trainers for allowing a horse to have a mere tablespoonful-and-a-half more oats than its diet-sheet allows.

The paddock suggests itself to you—the paddock, that pretty spot provided by Nature for the grazing of cattle, and converted by the bloated head of a racecourse company into a rendezvous for rogues. You pass out of the gate of Tattersall's as in a dream. "All right guv'nor," says the pass-out-check man with sarcasm. "You won't want no ticket. I shall know your 'appy face again."

By the time you have reached the paddock, the saddling bell sounds like the dying knell of passing day to your ears.

Here is a young man laughing with some woman of the world old enough to be his mother, but it is useless to think of reproving him (besides, you never know, it might actually be his mother).

There is the trainer smoking a cigar that has just been handed to him by his noble patron. You see in this the pandering of the old nobility to the low satellite of the racecourse.

But before being sure about it note the expression on the trainer's face. On it you may see a longing for one of the one-and-ninepennies that he has got in his own case, but which he cannot, from a lack of the conjurer's artistry, substitute for the fourpenny fumigator supplied by his patron.

When a brief momentary spark of admiration for a good-looking, but probably bad horse has threatened to make you think lightly of life again, however, the Misery Merchant himself comes upon the scene to save you from all such frivolity. Again, he is the antithesis of the tale-pitcher. He does not smack you heartily on the back and tell you in good, round, unctuous accents that Bunko-Buster is a bleating certainty for the next.

Instead, if you have met with his approval (and anyone who will listen to his whining does) he puts on his pince-nez, draws you a little to one side, and produces the programme in the style of an impressionable young parson taking his first funeral.

You gather from his clipped cadence that his friend is just able to hobble about. From a *précis* of this unfortunate man's diseases since he first caught a chill at Chaleureux's Manchester November Handicap, the Misery Merchant comes at last to the horses—and one animal in particular which to the belief of his friend is endowed with the aptitude of walking out of the paddock without the assistance of more than two men to hold him up on either side—which is considerably in excess of what can be said of the rest of the field.

The Misery Merchant assures you that if you wish to back this animal you must do so on your own responsibility. Were it not for the fact that he was behind in the payment of his Life Insurance, he would, personally, leave all racing alone that day. But the money in his possession, unless trebled, is no use to him. Therefore, wotting too well of the uncertainty of his existence, he thinks it his duty at least to attempt to make his wife and family secure in case of his early demise, which he seems to have a premonition will take place just before the City and Suburban.

You look at him with eyes welling with emotion. You tell him in faded accents that somehow racing has ceased to have any attraction for you. He pats you on the shoulder in the way of a good-hearted man who has been forced to act the villain all his life without liking it, and is, therefore, pleased to see a young man avoiding temptation.

When five minutes later that horse has come home in a hack canter, an easy winner by two lengths, you may decide to talk to anyone in future — card sharps and confidence-trick-mongers for preference, but you will bar Misery Merchants.



THE THRESHER'S CREW.



A COUNTRY SKETCH.

Through the still air of a calm but cloudy day, with winter and spring as it were at silent grips for the mastery, there comes across the fields a melodious, metallic sound as of great wheels revolving.

The sound is regular and grows in volume slowly but very steadily.

It is not the pleasing droning hum of the threshing machine at work in the stack yard; it is the thresher on the hard road, passing from one farm to another, rumbling along the road at an even pace.

From a distance there is heard the almost bell-like sound of clanking, heavy wheels, and the sound seems to pervade the whole countryside.

In a few minutes the careful listener can distinguish other sounds, chief of which is a laboured, intense, staccato puffing—a kind of steam canter in which alternate puffs are the louder.

A MAGIC SOUND.

No sound acts so magically on the village children as this familiar one. The news spreads all along the little streets that a thresher is coming, and the youngsters turn out to accompany it from the time it approaches the village until it has passed through and is clean beyond the more familiar byways of the neighbourhood.

By the time the thresher has reached the outskirts of the village, we can take stock of the crew.

A strange company of four men goes always with the thresher.

Every one of them seems utterly indifferent to the din amid which they live, though it is a terrific din, and goes on without ceasing.

The huge, lumbering wheels grind into the gritty road, leaving their regular tooth marks; the solid flywheel buzzes round furiously; within the iron frame at the top of the boiler pistons rattle and revolve, thrust and return, giving an impression of intense and irresistible power; chains clank; the loose bucket slung on the tender jangles as the great engine jolts; and the actual thresher which the engine draws behind it gives out a hollow and a lighter tone from its drums and pulley-wheels.

IN COMMAND.

Standing alongside of the engine one is almost stunned by the intense din and the suggestion of power.

Yet, in the midst of all this jolting and noise, the captain of the team and driver of the engine stands unconcerned on his tiny platform just behind the frantically working pistons.

He is the most workmanlike of the four by a long start. He has some sort of sense of responsibility written on his face, as becomes one who controls so huge a mechanical monster.

He is, too, more or less dressed for the part, wearing a mechanic's overall, and the usual peaked cap, oily and shining from much handling with the greasy fingers of its wearer.

He holds the steering wheel firmly in both hands, for the heavy chain that controls the direction of the front wheels needs a man's strength before it will answer to his wishes.

Serenely imperturbable amid the rattling, the driver holds on his way.

Beside him is his mate. He is a very young man, but he, like his chief, shows in his face and general bearing the results of contact with more complicated things than ploughs or horses and waggons. He has the sharper face of the man accustomed to deal with machinery.

THE MATE.

Still, he is hardly so entirely aloof from the agricultural side of the work as his chief. He has the black oily jacket of the mechanic, but his trousers are those of the labourer, tied under the knee with string, for convenience in bending. At times, when stoking and other jobs about the engines are done with, he can take a hand at unloading the sheaves of wheat from the stack, when the engine is at work.

Between these two and the other pair of helpers there is a great gulf fixed. Some subtle yet plainly marked difference of bearing and general aspect shows them to be members almost of a different race.

The elder of the two extra hands sits, half asleep, and sluggish, upon a sack at the top of the thresher which the engine draws. His legs dangle stupidly over the side, and his whole obese form sways and jolts and lurches with each sudden movement of the machine he rides upon as it rumbles along the road.

"SUPERS."

A short black clay pipe, the bowl turned downward, is in his fat, sensual, and easy-going mouth. His eyes are shut, though he is probably but half-asleep, drowned by the roar of the machinery into half-consciousness.

Anyway he does not fall, though he is not actually holding on. One suspects that the moment the engine stops, and the roar and jolting cease with it, the man will wake mechanically.

And so, indeed, it happens. There is a sudden cessation of the strenuous puffing, the clanking of much iron dies down, and the grating of the wheels on the road ceases. The thresher is at a standstill.

The cause of the stoppage is that the water in the tank is getting low, and the little pond just over the hedge in the field offers an opportunity for filling up.

Now only a faint smoke issues from the tall funnel, a dripping of water from sundry taps and points on the engine makes the roadway damp, and a contented, quiet, soft hiss of machinery at ease, though with steam up, is the only sound heard.

The obese and sleepy man has already climbed down from his high seat. He has unwound a long hose pipe from two hooks on the back of the engine, and while the driver's mate attaches one end to the tank the man carries the other across

the grassy space at the roadside, passes it through the bars of a gate, and places the other end in a big bucket at the side of the pond.

Then from some hitherto unnoticed lair comes the fourth, and last, man of the crew. "Shaggy" best describes his appearance.

WATERING.

Everything is odd about him—odd clothes, odd boots, an odd-looking man altogether, grimy, dusty, bearded even to the neck, and with hair clustering over his ears. He is ragged, too, and gives one the impression that he has never changed his clothes and never washed since corn began to be threshed. A loft or the lee side of a hayrick must surely be his bed.

He hobbles over the gate with two buckets, and then he and the third man of the party silently ladle water from the surface of the pond into the big bucket.

With a sucking, squelching sound the water is drawn up into the belly of the great engine.

The driver gives the word "full," the buckets are brought back, the hose pipe is wound up again, the men mount to their several perches, and, with a renewed and sudden outburst of hissing, puffing, and clanking, the great engine and the trailing thresher move on to another farm, and the sound dies away from the village.

M. BRUCE.

HAIR-CUTTING TROUBLES.

There is urgent need for some understanding between hairdressers and their customers as to the meaning of hair-cutting terms. A man goes into a barber's shop, sits down, and says "not too short," or "fairly short," and expects a barber to divine from these "instructions" exactly the fraction of a hair's length that it is desired to have clipped. The result is often anything but satisfactory.

Hairdressers are to-day something like artists at their work, and many of them would be far better pleased if a customer would take his hair-cutting seriously and go over the whole of the hairy ground and say exactly what is wanted before scissors are applied. Both would benefit.

WHY IS IT—?

That a so-called "woman with a reputation" is, in reality, one who hasn't got any?

That before breakfast every morning a man has to get up and come down?

That all is not gin that bitters?

That though fair exchange is no robbery, there is always one party to every such deal who says it *wasn't* fair?

That many a man who will wait for half an hour for a bus to take him along the Strand will walk miles—round a billiard-table during the course of an evening's snooker at the club?

Make
your
own
Cigarette

AG
CIGARETTE
PAPER

It is
twice
as good

BEST and PUREST
LARGEST SALE IN G^T BRITAIN

A PLOT AT THE CLUB

HOW THE COMMITTEE SETTLED A DIFFICULTY.

The most "unclubbable" men sometimes slip through the nets spread by the club committee to catch, or rather to exclude, men of the wrong stamp, but in a little athletic-social affair like ours, in a small country town, it is hard to exclude anybody.

The consequence that we now and again get a member like Barrow.

Hardly any man really knows Barrow. He has a way of being in the club but not of it. He fences himself round with a sort of curmudgeonly frown and stiffness. Talking to him, with the idea of getting on sociable terms with him, is rather like trying to climb a wall whose top is spiked with ugly fragments of broken glass. It cannot be done without grave risk of cuts and jags, and there is the added fear that even if one did succeed in scaling the wall and dropping unhurt into the garden of his good graces, the results would hardly be worth the trouble.

THE TROUBLE.

Most of the members of our club are busy at work all day, and can only look in at the billiard room or the boxing room when the evening is well advanced. We also like to have a look at the evening papers that are brought up from the station from the late mail train.

Our dissatisfaction will be easily understood, therefore, when it is recorded that Barrow—we have to call him Mr. Barrow to his face as a rule, as he is rather frigid—usually arrived about fifteen minutes earlier than we did, and that he had by that time appropriated both evening papers and any of the "weeklies" that happened to have arrived freshly that evening.

Of course, he couldn't read two or three papers at once, but in order to ensure that he should not have to wait his turn for either paper when he had perused the first, he would deliberately throw the reserve papers into an armchair—and sit on them. Yes, sit on them!

OUR PLAN OF ACTION.

Then, with a look of intense concentration, he would attack the first. Meanwhile we looked on, or waited patiently till Barrow rose, put on his hat, and stalked out, leaving two or three warm and crushed journals in his armchair.

This was against all the unwritten rules of sociability, besides being in direct contravention of rule nine of the club's constitution. Still, it was hardly worth while making an official matter of it and holding a special committee meeting, with perhaps a formal letter to Mr. Barrow, which might have led to his resignation.

Nevertheless, an informal committee meeting was held outside the club one evening, when a plan was devised to give Barrow a lesson, and if possible to cure his awkward

Among our members are a few who are fairly clever with the pencil. A caricature, to such men, is the easiest thing in the world, and these were called in to thicken the plot.

A BROAD HINT.

Every Wednesday evening a weekly periodical deservedly popular with all the members—Barrow included—arrived, and it was Barrow's rule to capture this and "hatch it," as we called his "sitting" habit, until he had done with the regular evening paper. Now Wednesday is the early closing day with us, and we decided to perform our operation on that evening, because we should all be able to be in the club in good time and to watch the fun.



In the course of a few days about six cartoons were prepared by our artist members. Each one of them contained, first, an easily-recognisable picture of Barrow, and each represented him in the act of carrying out some unsociable design.

One, for instance, showed him absorbed in one paper while he sat on a pile, about six feet high, of every other popular paper published. Yet another showed the inevitable Barrow surrounded by other members, all of whom were asking: "Where's the *Daily Blade*? Where's the *Evening Star*? Where's the *Weekly Sport*?" and similar questions, to all of which Barrow was deaf. Beneath his coat tails, however, the title pages of all these journals were depicted as peeping forth.

ALL PREPARED.

Quite a number of these were fitted together in the form of the popular weekly which came out on Wednesdays.

Harrison was early at the station bookstall, and obtained a copy of Barrow's favourite. Then, hurrying back to his diggings, where the other conspirators were assembled, we tore out the original contents and used the cover for our own little efforts.

Down to the club we hurried. To our relief Barrow had not arrived. Taking the club copy of his favourite we hid it securely, and in its usual place we placed our own substitute.

A minute or two later when Barrow arrived, about a dozen members were apparently deeply interested in about a dozen different journals.

They were not so deeply interested, however, that they could not glance over the tops of their papers to watch the fun.

HOW IT WORKED.

True to his habit Barrow walked up to the paper-rack. The favourite was there. He took it. Gathering up two other papers he walked off to an armchair purposely left vacant.

Almost a sigh of relief could be heard round the room when it was seen that Barrow had selected our little effort for first perusal and had deposited the other two journals in the chair for "hatching."

For a moment the suspense was terrible. How would he take it? It seemed ages that he spent looking at the cover of the blessed production, reading advertisements, or seeing that he had the new number, or something like that. Or, did he suspect? Did he smell a rat?

No! He opened the first page. There,

just visible to a few of us, was the broad unmistakable outline of himself, seated on a high pile of papers.

He turned it up and down and sideways, evidently mystified. Then he looked round. We expected an explosion. But no, he smothered his suspicions and passed on to the other pages.

The delight we experienced as we saw our little lesson being rubbed in was indescribable. Barrow was obviously hard hit and feeling most uncomfortable.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

We wondered if he would have the good sense to treat it all as a joke, and profit by the lesson.

He threw the thing aside, edged in his chair uncomfortably, drew from under him another periodical, but had hardly glanced at it when it, too, was thrown aside.

Then he stood up. Immediately we were again buried in our several occupations, but we could hear Barrow muttering. He took up his hat and stamped out of the club.

Exactly what he said as he turned at the door is really quite unprintable.

He has not been to the club since, and we are wondering whether he will pay his subscription next year. But that is a long way off as yet, and meanwhile we are enjoying our papers.

C. WESTON.

"KING'S CADETS."

Sons of officers of the Navy or Army whose fathers were killed in action, died of wounds, or of disease contracted on service abroad, leaving their families badly off, are given a free education at Woolwich or Sandhurst, if nominated by the King, acting through the Secretary of State for War.

For Woolwich they have to be successful in a competitive examination, but at present they are admitted to Sandhurst without competition.

SPEED ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

It does not follow that because a man is a sprinter on the running track he will be able to show his heels to his opponents at football, be it "Rugger" or "Soccer."

Probably most football enthusiasts can call to mind a case in point. Put him on a cinder track, and he will do his 440 yards in a fraction over 50 seconds, but at "Rugger" a child could catch him, for he has to run round in a half-circle before he can get into his stride.

On the other hand, men are often yards faster in a hundred on the football field than they are in a flat race.

Curiously enough, this is even more particularly the case at "Soccer" than at "Rugger."

It would seem that having to kick the ball before him would retard a man's pace, but, on the contrary, the continual springing after the ball pulls a man out to his utmost limits.

A man may be a comparatively slow starter, and yet be a great sprinter, but at footer ability to get quickly off the mark counts for more than championship sprinting form.

It may be doing him an injustice to say so, but although W. Meredith, of Manchester United, is still one of the fastest wingers ever seen, so far as can be ascertained, he has never shown any particular form as a runner.

C. B. Fry was comparatively slow at football, both Rugger and Soccer, having regard, that is, to his ability at 100 yards.

W. M. Cobbold is still considered to have been the fastest, as he was the most skilful, of all dribblers, yet he never did anything great on the running path.

After all, at running it is mainly the length of the stride that tells, whereas at football the long striding man is at something of a disadvantage. He cannot swerve or dodge so quickly and strongly as the man who "tucks his feet up under him."

SUCCESS AT ATHLETIC MEETINGS

TRAINING METHODS FOR VARIOUS EVENTS.

TO THE AVERAGE MAN.

Many men avoid athletics under the impression that success is only for those whom Nature has endowed with special physical gifts. It is true that some men are naturally better runners and jumpers than others, but within reasonable limits anybody can make himself an athlete.

Nature meant every man to be strong, and if we are weak it is, as a rule, not Nature's fault, but our own.

Men devote much time and patience to acquiring artificial skill at artificial games and sports, but neglect those natural abilities for running, walking, and leaping, which are our common birthright.

Certain types of men are more likely than others to excel at certain branches of athletics, but even here you cannot lay down a rule without being immediately reminded of notable exceptions.

For example, if you say that the quarter-miler is usually a big, strong man, one of the greatest ever known—the American, Myers—was an eight stone man, though it is true that he had abnormally long legs for his height.

Or again, if the high-jumper is usually tall and straight-legged, comparatively short men have won championship honours.

However, my point is that man is naturally athletic, and that any man who is sound in wind and limb should be able to excel at one or other branch of athletics, provided he goes the right way to work and gives to his speciality the same care, thought, training, and patience that he would to cricket, football or some other "unnatural" game.

PREPARATION

Training methods are much more sensible than they used to be. We now recognise that there is a psychological as well as a physical side to training and that it is most essential that a man should enjoy his training and be kept bright, contented, and amused throughout it.

The old idea of making a purgatory of training is almost extinct. Football directors now take their teams to the theatres and provide them with all manner of amusements when preparing for a big match and that is entirely sensible.

Mistakes, however, are still made and the commonest are—

1. Improper diet.
2. Too much work.
3. Inattention to details.

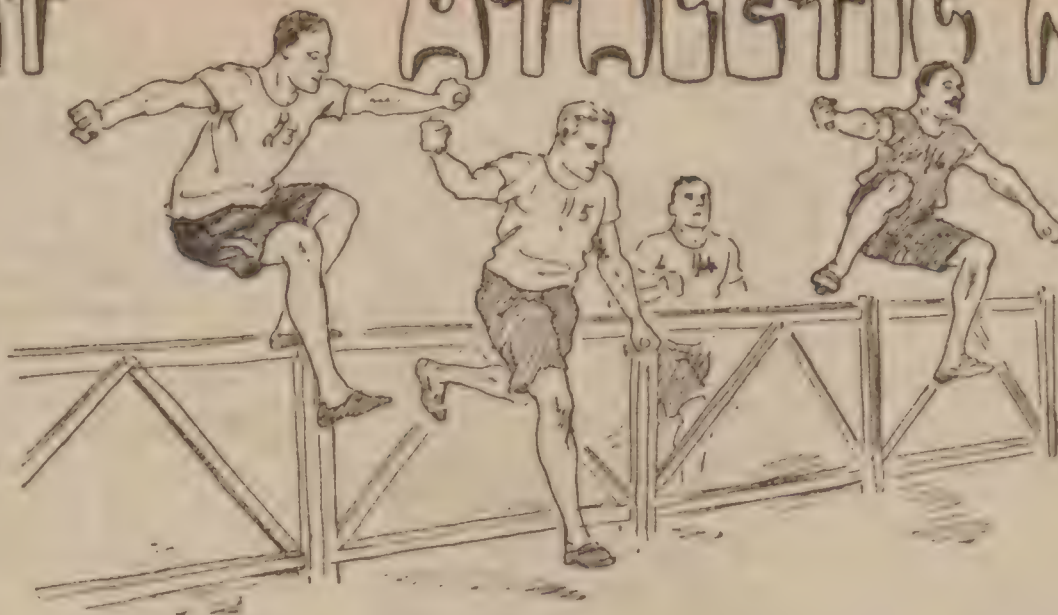
In regard to diet the average athlete eats too much meat. He still clings to the idea that a huge consumption of meat means increased strength and stamina, whereas the reverse is the case.

I hold no brief for fruitarianism, vegetarianism, or any other "ism"; a man can quite as easily upset his stomach, clog his tissues and organs, and impair his vitality by gorging on nuts, lentils, or eggs, as on underdone beefsteaks.

What the athlete wants is a varied diet of light, nourishing, palatable food. A man should find out what best agrees with him, and have nothing to do with training shibboleths in the way of diet.

If the athlete needs light food, he also needs light exercise. As I see, however, that THE MODERN MAN has already pointed out the advisability of stopping all hard work some days before a race, I need not enlarge on this point.

In the old days some peculiar virtue was supposed to attach to



hard exercise before breakfast, but happily that idea has gone the way of other fallacies.

A gentle stroll, a few minutes deep breathing or dumb-bell exercise, in the open if possible, is good, but hard work before breakfast puts a premium on "athlete's heart" and premature breakdown.

In regard to attention to detail, the following example will illustrate my meaning. The average English sprinter, when he thinks of practising starting, does so by himself or gets a pal to start him by word of mouth or by dropping a handkerchief. The result is that when it comes to the "real thing" he is unprepared for the crack of the pistol, hesitates, and loses invaluable ground.

The only way to practise starting is to the pistol. That is the American way, and largely accounts for their superiority in getting quickly off the mark.

In other respects, too, American athletes when training always strive to reproduce the conditions of the actual contest as closely as possible.

Here, a long-jumper will practise at a deep-sunk pit, with the consequence that when he comes to the levelled-up pit of a championship meeting he is very apt to be baulked and put off.

Again, I have seen a man ruin his chances by turning out on a hard cinder-track with long-spiked shoes, while many a man has slipped and lost a race on grass through wearing short spikes.

Further training points will be mentioned in considering specific events.

THE 100 YARDS.

Big men, little men, bow-legged men, flat-footed men, thin men, and even fat men are to be found among successful sprinters, but on the whole the sprint is to the strong man, for from first to last it is a violent muscular effort.

The start is, of course, all important. Nowadays every sprinter crouches on the ground. Whether the position really enables a man to get quicker into his stride than the old upright stance I take leave to doubt. Unquestionably, however, the man who crouches is steadier and not nearly so liable to make a false start, while he is probably in motion sooner than the man who stands up.

On the other hand, he must lose some time in coming from the crouch to the running position. The secret is to "throw" yourself forward, and incessant practice is most necessary.

If you will see all builds of men sprinting, the top-sawyers invariably run with a low action, their feet skimming the ground. This means a short stride, not as a rule more than six feet, with the body well bent forward.

Straight running is another essential. I don't mean in the moral sense, but the rolling action which distinguishes and helps the quarter-miler would be absolutely fatal in a one hundred yards' aspirant. The footprints of great sprinters are as a rule as nearly as possible in a straight line.

Finishing power is most important. The great

sprinter seems to "come again" in the last few yards and to hurl himself at the tape. And, indeed, he stops running and advances by leaps. This is where strength in the hips and calves comes in, and the best general training for sprinting is walking.

Dumbbell exercises are also most useful for developing the arms, the movements of which play an important part in sprinting, and also for strengthening the shoulders and ribs. In short, the sprinter should aim at strength combined with lissomeness.

THE QUARTER-MILE.

The most punishing race of all at sprinting, none was ever a great quarter-miler who had not a long stride, which necessarily means a high action.

In the old days the "quarter" was usually run as a waiting race, but such tactics would be out of place nowadays. There must be no easing up half-way. It is a race from start to finish. And yet it is not a sprint, properly understood. The action of the runner is different. Nobody could really sprint in 100 yards fashion for a quarter of a mile without pausing or "cracking."

It is evenness and length of stride, combined with lifting power from the hips that pulls the quarter-miler through.

In the ideal stride the leg is stretched out, as if groping for something, and becomes perfectly straight just as the foot touches the ground.

This means that to continue the stride the rear foot has to push off, the other to give a sort of pull forward, and this accounts for the rolling, raking-action peculiar to quarter-milers.

In regard to training for the quarter, the usual mistake is to overdo it.

The runner should content himself with starts and short sprints and occasional bursts up to 300 yards. But he should never go the full distance at top speed more than once during his training, and after doing so he should take a complete rest the next day.

Above all, he should practise slow striding on his toes to develop the back muscles of his legs, but at the same time he must not exhaust himself.

The art of training for the quarter is to come to the post feeling that you could "jump out of your shoes."

THE HALF-MILE.

The half-miler, like the race itself, is between the quarter-miler and the distance runner. He must have something of the speed of the former and something of the staying-power and untiringness of the latter; yet the "half" is not so exhausting as either the "quarter" or the mile.

It is a race in which judgment plays an important part, and while length of stride will tell, honours usually go to the man who can produce a sprint at the crucial moment.

In training, he should seldom go more than 600 yards, unless at a slow pace, and his one and only full trial at racing speed should take place at least a week before the meeting, and after that he should be careful not to exhaust himself in any way.

With the half-mile, timing becomes important. The sprinter or quarter-miler goes all out from first to last, but the object of the half-miler is to cover the distance at an even pace which will keep him to the fore, while leaving him strength for a sprint. He must learn, therefore, to do a job in a certain time and to run to schedule.

R. H. HILTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By A. G. STORM.

THE HERO



Little Bing's turned-up eyes were trustful and confiding—as in the old days. He answered:

"There's the mater and three girls at home. I couldn't very well leave them; the mater's income is terribly small, you know."

"But if you get this job?"

"I sha'n't be able to live at home, of course. But the salary's good, and—"

"And you'd send the major portion to them, like a dear, dutiful son, and a dear, unselfish brother!"

"You needn't be a beast," said Bing, with a slight flush.

"God help us!" said Firminger seriously.

"I didn't mean to sneer. There are one or two things in life that it's easier to talk about flippantly."

He resumed cheerfulness.

"I could tell," he went on, "after only a couple of squints at you, that you were desperately eager for the billet. Now, confess it! You'd be—sick if you missed it, shouldn't you?"

"I—want it," said Little Bing, with a nod. "But don't you?"

"T?" Firminger removed the cigar from his lips, and examined the end of it thoughtfully. He smiled a little. There was a pulse beating visibly in his neck.

"I'm not so sure that I do," he said slowly. "You see, I've knocked about a bit, and settling down is not altogether attractive."

I answered the advert. because it seemed an armchair job, and might bring me into touch with people corresponding with my tastes. But, do you know, I'm inclined to act the heroic and walk out and leave you in possession of the field."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Bing, heatedly. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"You've heard now," said Firminger placidly. "I see no reason why you should have a monopoly of unselfishness. Besides, I've no mother or sisters to keep. Nor a wife. Only myself. If I took this berth I should probably chuck it inside a week. I don't like his lordship—to make a candid confession! Nor do I like his keeping us here, awaiting his pleasure, as though we were common menials. And, more than all, I dislike his cigars!"

He cast the one he was smoking into the fire, with a grimace.

"They're as new as his peerage, and as cheap, I should say. I could never willingly associate myself with a *parvenu*, Bing. A *parvenu* who smoked bad cigars!"

He jerked his shoulders, and straightened his fashionably-cut coat, smiling down at his friend with a half-cynical twist of the lip and something strange and hard to understand in his eyes.

"This is all rot, you know," Little Bing protested feebly. "Don't be an idiot, old fellow. I can't help thinking—"

Firminger patted him on the head to silence him.

"Where's that butler?" he said. He looked about, pressed a bell, and waited, rocking slowly on heels and toes.

"Where are you living?" asked Little Bing, suddenly.

"At the Hotel Cecil, for the time being. Why do you ask?"

"I want you to come and see my people if you will. Shall I write to you?"

"Do."

"I can tell you then if I've got the berth."

"You *must* get it," said Firminger, with rather startling emphasis. "*Must!* do you hear?"

"Yes, Firminger," said Little Bing, submissively. "And—old chap—thank you."

Firminger nodded, and turned away.

The door was opened, and the butler came in.

"Kindly bring my hat and stick," said Fir-

evidently intends to have a second look at us both before making up his mind."

"To compare us?"

"Yes Our credentials, of course," added Firminger, casually.

"No, our style," said Bing, with consciousness of his own physical frailty against the other's fine presence.

He did not look envious, but his lips tightened, and the harassed expression of his forehead grew noticeable.

Firminger allowed the remark to pass.

"Got a cigarette?" he inquired, absently.

"N—no. I don't often smoke. I'm sorry."

"Never mind. Left my own case at home. Awkward to talk without smoking."

"There's a box of cigars over there."

"So there is! And whisky. Praise the Lord!"

He got up and helped himself.

"Have one?" he said, turning with the box in his hand and a cigar between his teeth.

Little Bing declined. There was wistfulness in his gaze, which apparently, Firminger did not see.

Firminger returned and took up his position on the hearthrug, lording it over the situation as it had always been his custom to do where Bing was concerned.

"What y' doing at present?" he inquired, puffing with great enjoyment. "Got a good berth?"

"N—no. I'm disengaged. I *had* one, you know, but the company came to grief."

"Just so. How long was that ago?"

"Three months."

"Jove! You idle little beggar!"

"I wasn't exactly—idle," said Bing. "I was trying—all the time."

"Thought you'd got influential relatives."

"So I have. But they couldn't help much. One of them, however, knows Lord C—, and spoke about me. It was only that, I think, which gained me this second interview."

"Nonsense!" said Firminger, with his large, friendly tolerance. "You were always a clever little devil, but too damned self-effacing. Assert yourself, man! Assert yourself!"

"Do you?" queried Bing, admiringly.

"Generally," said Firminger.

He thrust a hand in his trousers-pocket, and gazed down benignantly at his companion.

"A dollar you're married," said he.

"I'm not, Firminger—honestly."

"You're going to be, then?"

"I'm not. I haven't any idea of it. You see—"

"Yes!"

appointment was for eight in the evening and at a minute to that hour Robert Firminger tendered his card at the residence of Lord C—, the recently created peer, and winging the butler across the hall was introduced into a cosily-furnished study, where a fire was burning.

"His lordship is hinged with company," said the butler. "I was to ask you to be good enough to wait."

He bowed new to his master's dignity, and withdrew with his own.

All right," said Robert Firminger, surveying his hat and stick, and directing a look of inquisitiveness at the third occupant of the room.

The last-named—was seated on the edge of an armchair, with the uprightness of nervousness. He was a slight, pale, rather fragile-looking young man, with a fair moustache and somewhat harassed forehead. His blue eyes were fixed on Firminger's with a sort of wondering.

The butler went out.

Firminger's glance became a stare.

"Well, I'm dashed!" said he.

"Firminger!" said the other. "I—I wasn't mistaken!"

Little Bing—of all men in the world!"

The latter leaped to his feet with a laugh almost boyish delight, and his hand was dislocated in Firminger's strong grip.

They continued pumping arms, laughing at each other.

"Well!" said Firminger, comprehensively. "Isn't it extraordinary!"

"Licks creation!"

He stepped back, sobering, and inspected Firminger in the light of the many years.

Not since leaving school, Firminger had been Bing's "hero," they met or communicated.

"You're the same," said Little Bing, contentedly.

"Are you, except that you're a man now instead of a kid."

"I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Ditto here."

There was certainly affection in their eyes. They showed more gladness than

fishmen are wont to do. It was as though each there was a pent up emotion which

burst forth with relief on an opportunity of venting it.

"I'm wondering," said Firminger, dropping an armchair and making himself comfortable.

"What the dickens brings you here?"

Bing sat opposite, his hands clasped round his knees.

"I was just going to ask you the same question," said he.

"I'm after a job."

"So am I."

"What job?"

"As secretary to Lord C—."

"That's the very billet I'm after," said Firminger, sitting up.

There was a pause.

"This is funny!" said Firminger. "How do you come to hear about it?"

"I saw the advertisement in 'The Times.'"

"I did, too."

"I answered it, and was requested to call on the last Wednesday."

"His lordship said there were a great many applicants, and he would let me know."

"He said the same to me."

"Then this morning I had a letter asking me to come to-night at a quarter to eight, and he would decide. He said the choice

was between me and another."

"I'm the other," said Firminger. "I had a letter to the same effect, only that my appointment is a trifle later than yours. He



MY NOTEBOOK.

minging. He shook hands quickly with Bing. "Tell your master," continued Firminger, on the butler returning, "that I left my compliments, and am sorry that his delay in seeing me is my reason for my departure."

He smiled a cheery farewell over his shoulder, and strode out.

In the street he walked very fast for a long way. He reached a dingy house in a narrow street at length, climbed to a dingier room, lit a lamp, drew down the blind, and proceeded to divest himself of his fashionably-cut clothes. He changed into much shabbier attire.

He made the fashionably-cut clothes into a parcel, and, going out, returned them to the shop from which he had obtained them; a shop which charged small sums for hiring.

"Half a crown gone," said Firminger, as again he trod the pavement. "Well, what's the next thing to do?"

"Gad! I could eat something!"

GOLF MANNERS.

Never stand close to or directly behind the ball when a player is about to make a stroke.

If your opponent has the "honour," don't tee your ball until he has played.

Always replace turf cut or torn up by you, and also always fill in any holes you may make in a bunker. Don't keep players behind you waiting while you try your missed putts over again.

If you incur a penalty without your opponent noticing it, "own up."

THE FREEMASONRY OF THE RING.

Fighting men, as professional pugilists like to be called, are nothing if they are not clannish. There are many closely hidden resorts in the East-End of London where the flower of the fancy are wont to congregate to witness or take part in gory contests with the raw 'uns. But no one is allowed to such places who is not either a recognised professional boxer, or a relation of one, or else a close personal friend of a pugilist who will vouch for his secrecy.

Fighting men, too, have all sorts of little, but immensely useful, tricks of ringcraft, which they guard jealously, and will not allow to go beyond the confines of the actual "fancy." These tricks are handed down from father to son; and this is one very big reason why there is no amateur, however good a professional may have taught him, who can hold his own against a pugilist of real class.

What is more, when a "fighting man" is "down," he cannot find warmer-hearted friends than the men who have on occasions, patted him all round the ring. The boxer's charity to his fallen colleagues is as generous as it is unobtrusive.

RACECOURSE HINTS.

In view of the fact that the flat-racing season will shortly be in full swing again, the following few hints may not be unserviceable to the great army of men who "go down to the course" to see racing, but who have no time or perhaps no inclination to "follow form" after the fashion of the professional racing brigade.

Such men will perhaps have a shilling or half a crown on some fancy just to infuse an added spice into the interest of the race, and they will make their selection on their own judgment of the horses as they go down to the post. Remember, then, that "washy chestnuts" though they may show a flashy turn of speed over a short distance, can seldom stay, and should not be relied upon in a race of more than five furlongs.

Also it is safest not to invest on fillies at this season of the year.

SPORT AT OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPENSE.

It is not necessary for me to emphasise the fact that I have the utmost regard for sport of practically every description, but it seems that the time has come when it is advisable to enter a protest against the growing tendency, especially amongst the younger generation, to enjoy sport at other people's expense.

About the present time cricket clubs are being formed by the youngsters of every locality, and evening after evening the alleged officials of some alleged juvenile cricket club go cadging to the doors of the larger houses to solicit subscriptions.

As has been proved by several police cases, such cricket clubs are, in many instances, entirely fictitious, and the so-called secretary or captain, who cadges round with a subscription book, is simply a youngster with criminal instincts, who has discovered a fairly easy way of making money dishonestly.

Most of these juvenile cricket clubs are open to grave suspicion, but, even where there is no question as to the existence of the club, I do not think that this touting should be encouraged.

Exercise is as necessary to a man as to a boy, but exercise can be obtained by walking, and by other means which cost nothing at all.

Organised forms of sport, such as cricket clubs, are luxuries, and they have no claim whatsoever upon the support of those who do not participate in the sport provided. Youngsters who want to play cricket, and who cannot afford to buy the necessary equipment, ought to have ingenuity enough to get along with what is available, and within their means.

The East-End youngster who plays cricket with a rag ball, a board from a packing case as a bat, and a pile of empty corned-beef tins as stumps, is a better sportsman than his more well-to-do compeer who cadges from door to door for subscriptions.

Many a club finds it necessary to increase its funds by means of concerts, exhibitions, and so forth, but there value is given for money, and those who buy tickets receive the equivalent in entertainment. There is a vast difference between giving value and soliciting what practically amounts to charity.

PAYING FOR YOUR PLEASURE.

I have a strong feeling with regard to sport, and it is one that I personally have always acted upon. It is that a man should pay for his own sport. If he is not well off he can adopt, as I used to do, one or other of the sports that cost next to nothing.

Of course he feels that there are many of the expensive sports that he would like to indulge in, but if he makes up his mind that he will not on any account participate in them at other people's expense, but will wait to enjoy them until he can afford to do so, he has an additional incentive to work.

STREET SKATING.

I have alluded to the cadging cricketing youngster. He is first cousin to the brat who indulges in roller-skating on the pavements of our busy streets.

Several serious accidents have occurred through these children rushing along at high speed on their roller-skates and cannoning into old ladies. The question has been raised in Parliament, and legislation to prohibit roller-skating on the pavements has been refused.

We are a slow-moving people, and I presume that the much-needed legislation will be refused until there are a few more deaths on record due to this selfish and stupid practice.

Meantime, I do not know that there is any law whereby a pedestrian can be punished if by chance his walking-stick comes into collision with the legs or the skates of the young hooligans in question.

FOX-HUNTING AND SELFISHNESS.

Fox-hunting until a few years ago was one of the most sporting of pastimes. The hunt recompensed the farmers for any injury that might be done to their hedges or fences, and every member of it took pride in avoiding doing unnecessary damage—riding over young crops, for instance, being regarded as the height of bad form, and as a sign that marked a man as one ignorant of the etiquette of hunting.

Now, however, hunting in certain districts near large towns has become a sort of popular carnival. Fast trains bring the alleged sportsman from the city in the morning and fetch him back again in the evening. He is in many cases an entire stranger to the country where the meet is held. He has no reputation to lose, and he thinks of nothing except the amount of selfish pleasure that he can pack into the day.

It is he, and not the regular hunting man, who has brought a bad name upon hunting, and if it were not for these city sportsmen, we should not have had the present outcry against hunting by so many farmers, and particularly by so many small-holders.

The selfish sportsman is the worst possible enemy to any sport. He increases his own enjoyment at other people's expense; he is kin to the pavement-skating brat and to the cadging cricketing juvenile.

The remedy lies in the hands of more thorough sportsmen, who can, without very much trouble, keep him away by making things uncomfortably hot for him.

SPORT AND CRUELTY.

Talking of hunting, I had an interesting conversation the other night with a very ardent gunner as to the cruelty of sport.

He argued that it was in no sense cruel to shoot pheasants, because they provided food.

Merely for the sake of argument, I reminded him of the old saying, "Up goes a guinea, and goes a penny and down comes half-a-crown." To say that the average pheasant costs a guinea before it is shot is not an exaggeration, for it is carefully reared, a heavy rental has to be paid for the shoot, and keepers' wages have to be provided.

The sportsman can scarcely claim that he is doing a public service by providing half a crown's worth of food at the cost of a guinea. Moreover, many of the coverts, particularly in the South of England, could produce far more in the way of food if they were cultivated, for in many cases the land preserved for pheasant shooting is extremely fertile.

You can argue in the same way against almost every one of the blood sports. The hunting man is sometimes sufficiently injudicious to say that, if it were not for the hunt, foxes would over-run the country, and farmers would be unable to raise poultry. This is, of course, absurd. If it were not because of hunting, foxes would not exist, for the farmers would poison them off in a week's time.

It is just as well to look at the straight truth of the matter in regard to all other blood sports. They are inexcusable so far as utility is concerned, but I think they have the best of good excuses when you consider the type of men who participate in them.

The hunting man, the shooting man, and the fishing man, are among the most tender-hearted people going, and none is more ready to do what he can to assist a less fortunate brother.

PAGE 21. For the convenience of those readers who desire to become shareholders in this paper, I print on Page 21 an Application Form for Shares. As all the shares available are being rapidly taken up, I should advise those interested in the matter to apply at once.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BARRISTERS' CLERKS.

HOW THEY HELP THEIR EMPLOYERS.

Many a successful barrister owes his rise to fame and fortune to his clerk. Of course, the impulse must come from outside, for neither a barrister nor his clerk dare tout for themselves—they must wait for them to come from the solicitors—but once the ball has been started, it is mainly for the clerk to keep it rolling. He relieves his master of many details that would keep him from his proper work of advocacy.

He receives briefs on his behalf, collects fees, arranges consultations, keeps his papers in order and is ever at his elbow to prompt, help, and often to advise, for frequently the barrister's clerk knows quite as much law as his master, and sometimes a good deal more.

He always speaks of his employer and himself as "we," after the manner of a Scotch caddy of the old style. It is "we think and-so," "we shall be ready to see you at such-and-such a time."

He must have a ready tongue and imagination, more especially when his master is still in the briefless stage. The eagerly-expected brief arrives just when his chief has gone out to get a drink, but he is equal to the occasion. Without a flicker of an eyelid, he gravely informs the messenger that "we are engaged in consultation with the Lord Chancellor, but may be expected to return shortly."

His interests are identical with his master's, for as a rule he is paid partly by salary, and partly by commission, receiving a percentage on his master's fees.

In this way, a really successful lawyer's clerk may easily earn a thousand a year, and, capable, industrious, faithful, tactful, and knowledgeable, he is worth every penny of it.

SPORTING STORIES



LUCK.

"Hullo, sportiboy! I hear you've been having a bit of shooting. Any luck?"

"Yes, a little. One man mistook me for a rabbit, but luckily he was a bad shot, and missed."

FIDELITY.

PURCHASER: "I would agree to your price if I were only sure that the little dog would be faithful."

DEALER: "Faithful? Well, I should say so. I've sold him half a dozen times already, and he has come back every time."

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The motorist had been swearing for five minutes without repeating himself, and the yokel stood listening in silent admiration.

"Say, mister," he remarked at last, "what be the trouble?"

"I can't get this adverb adjective thing to move," the motorist fumed.

"That ain't anything to worrit about," said the yokel. "The last chap I seen round here with a motycar got all broke up because he couldn't get his to stop."

A JUMPER.

"What sort of a chap was that you had staying with you last week-end?" asked the first farmer's son. "You said he was from the town. Could he ride?"

"You ought to have seen him take the hedge at the end of the long meadow!" said the second farmer's son. "He took it like a bird."

"But I thought the mare you lent him couldn't jump for nuts."

"She didn't, but he did."

QUITE SO.

FIRST VILLAGER: "Hoo did ye tell the gentleman that there was plenty o' fishin' when there wasna twa fish in the water?"

SECOND VILLAGER: "Man, what's the haim? The scarcer the fish, the mair fishing."

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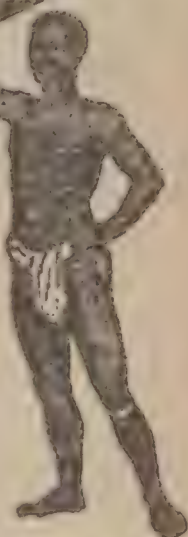
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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

A SUPPLING EXERCISE.

For the exercise here illustrated an ordinary gymnastic wand, or, failing that, a walking-stick, is necessary.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated, and the stick held across the thighs with the arms extended.

Now raise the stick over the head as high as possible, throwing out the chest and keeping the head back.



A walking-stick will do as well as the wand.

Make an oblique step forward with the left foot, and at the same time bring the stick smartly down until it touches the leg just below the knee. To do this bend the body from the waist and bring the head forward.

Return the stick smartly to the overhead position, bringing the left foot back in line with the other and drawing yourself up to your full height.

Repeat the process, stepping forward with the right foot and bending to the right.

This should be done about ten times, advancing the legs alternately.

This is a fine suppling exercise, and affects almost every muscle in the body, especially those of the chest, shoulders, abdomen, legs and hips.

TRAINING.

I have before me a most interesting letter from a Suffolk reader, which I wish I had the space to print in full.

He is a keen athlete, living in a small village where he can find few kindred spirits to train with him. He has studied various books on the subject but is disappointed to find that they give no very definite hints as to the best methods of training, and that the writers "seem to think that every chap has £2 a week, and employs two or three trainers to look after him, and, also, that he has no business to attend to during the day."

It must be remembered, however, that it is impossible to give any information on training which will apply to every one, and the more definite one attempts to be, the more likely is it that the hints given will be unsuitable to those in some surroundings and physical conditions.

To answer fully the string of questions which my friend puts to me would take pages, but I may deal briefly with some of those of more general interest.

"How long," he asks, "should a man train for any special athletic event?"

Three weeks or a month should be sufficient for most contests, and six weeks of rigorous training should be ample for any athletic event.

Here again much depends on the amount of time you can devote to exercise each week. If your actual running exercise is more or less restricted to the weekly half-holiday, three weeks' training will certainly not be enough.

In the matter of diet, as my correspondent observes, one is generally warned to avoid alcohol, tobacco, pastry, and all highly-seasoned dishes. In fact it is advisable to restrict oneself as far as possible to plain foods—roast or boiled beef or mutton, eggs and fish.

Most kinds of cake and heavy puddings are best avoided, but rice, bread and butter, tapioca and similar milk puddings are excellent.

only in moderation—one cup at breakfast and one at tea should be enough—or it may be replaced by cocoa.

Butter also should only be taken in small quantities, but a certain amount of fat is necessary.

A moderate amount of fruit, especially oranges and bananas, should be eaten, and also fresh vegetables, but avoid boiled potatoes as much as possible.

"I suppose," writes my correspondent, "oatmeal and nuts would be all right during the summer." Porridge makes an excellent foundation for a "training breakfast" either in summer or at any other time, but I should advise him to beware of nuts. They are best avoided when training for any sport.

A LEG-DEVELOPER.

Stand erect with the heels together and the toes turned out.

Place the tips of the fingers at the back of the head.

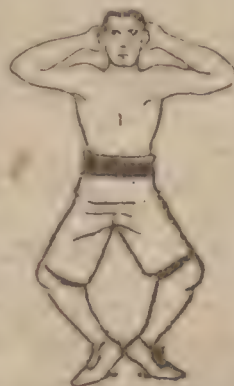
From this point the exercise consists of four movements, which should be performed in even time, and with a pause between each.

First rise on the toes slowly. Then bend the knees and sink down smartly until you are almost sitting on the heels.

Then after a pause rise again smartly until you are standing erect on tiptoe, and finally sink slowly on the heels again.

Repeat these four movements about half-a-dozen times, making a pause of even duration between each.

The extensor muscles of the legs and the ankles will profit especially by this exercise.



Drop smartly on the heels.

NOT ONLY FOR THE BRAIN-WORKER.

There is a prevalent idea that physical exercises are only useful to those whose regular work is sedentary, and who are not occupied in any form of manual or physical labour.

This is a great mistake. Scientific physical culture is as essential for a man who works with his hands as for the brain-worker.

The exercises chosen should differ as much as possible from the form of exercise taken in the daily work. Thus they will give "balance" to the system, and prevent the development of one part of the body at the expense of others.

Reasonable physical exercise, even after the day's work, will, strange as it may seem, actually prove restful.

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THE ACTOR'S LIFE.

PROS AND CONS.

The success on the stage of the ex-bank clerk, Mr. Vernon Watson, has probably set a good many bank clerks and other men in similar positions dreaming of a stage career.

True, Mr. Watson is not of the theatre, but of the music-hall, at least as yet; but there is not so much difference between the two as there used to be, and the qualities which now make a successful music-hall artiste should also make a successful actor.

While I know that Mr. Albert Chevalier is strongly of opinion that the stage is the best training for the music-hall, probably a beginner can hardly do better than get a music-hall engagement—if he can.

Anyway, the music-hall artiste is in some respects much better off than the actor.

He stands on his own feet, while the actor is largely dependent on others. The actor has not much say in the plays and parts he appears in. He may be a good actor, but have the misfortune to appear in a series of bad plays or poor parts.

But the music-hall artiste chooses his own materials, and success or failure is almost entirely dependent on himself.

Of course, the work is harder than that of the stage. The music-hall artiste has to go on in cold blood, so to speak, and from the first to the last minute of his turn the strain is enormous.

The actor takes things more leisurely. His "big moments" are carefully led up to, and he does not have to work at top speed throughout.

Music-hall artistes, as a rule, wear out quicker than actors. They have more travelling, although, of course, many actors spend their whole lives on tour.

Now let us more definitely consider the pros and cons of the regular actor's life.

We will leave aside great success and absolute failure, and take the case of the actor of good, though not startling, ability, who is further blessed with average luck.

Budding actors often try to start in a West-End theatre, and are sometimes successful, usually to their own undoing. They become permanently attached to the theatre as small part men; and never become anything else. In any case they cannot acquire the all-round experience that is to be gained in the provinces, and the wise beginner will avoid London until he has mastered the alphabet of his profession and is competent to play any kind of part of fair importance.

Having done so, he should, with ordinary luck, have no difficulty in getting a West-End hearing, and if he "makes good" he should be able to settle down to a comfortable, well-ordered existence in London.

Just as there are barristers of whom the world never hears, making comfortable incomes, so there are London actors who never do anything startling, and figure second, third, or fourth on the "bill," but are seldom out of an engagement, and make a pretty regular £700 to £1,200 a year.

Their life is pleasant. They spend their days golfing or at other amusements. Their work is light, because it is congenial and they are quite competent.

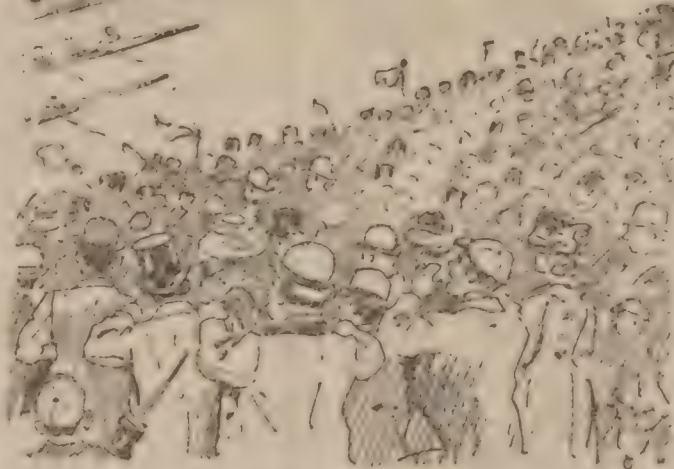
Of course, there is the other side to the picture. Hundreds of actors never get a West-End engagement. They wander about the country, leading a comfortless, squalid, hand-to-mouth existence, with nothing to hope for, and with no real interests or pleasures in life.

And even the established West-End actor must always be prepared for a run of bad luck. He may rehearse six weeks, during which time he does not get a penny of salary, for a play that runs three nights, and he may have this experience several times in a year.

Still, stage life has greatly improved of recent years. There is real comfort behind the scenes, salaries are good, and to the man of reasonable ability, who is content to live carefully and cleanly and treat his work as a business, the stage offers a very fair career.

G. J. CARR.

BOAT RACE DAY



SOME THOUGHTS ON SATURDAY'S STRUGGLE.

"Crikey! Don't 'e look green?"

"'Oo do?"

"Why, that bloke up in front. 'E ain't arf rollin' abart, 'e ain't."

"Licks me what they want to do it for. Now a pleasant Sunday arfternoon on the river wiv a young lidy—that's something like; but this 'arf-starvin' yerself on a couple o' eggs a day and knockin' off beer and 'baccy just to sweat yerself inside out for twenty minutes or so—well it fair licks me."

Yet year after year they come to see those sixteen young men row over the four-and-a-quarter mile course from Putney Bridge to Mortlake.

And year after year the country is divided into factions who "are" either Oxford or Cambridge—why, they could not always tell you. Sometimes it is because they like one colour better than the other; sometimes they support the side whose colours their father wore before them; sometimes, sad to say, they shout for the 'Varsity that won last year.

But to return to the question that puzzled our friend on the towpath, whose words I have quoted as faithfully as I can remember them. Why do men row, and what do they learn by it?

In a word, the 'Varsity man rows in the hope of one day winning his Blue, which he wants for the time more than anything in the world. He could not always tell you just why, but put yourself in his place, and ask yourself if it is an ambition to be condemned.

And what does rowing teach a man? Why, nerve and self-control, two of the highest of the manly virtues.

The rowing man's power of endurance, of "sticking it" to the bitter end, not only on the water but in the battle of life, is unequalled by that of the devotee of any other sport.

He learns how to sacrifice pleasures and work hard for a great end. He learns to work in common with others, and to understand that *esprit de corps* which makes a man forget himself and to acquit himself worthily of his fellows, and of those whom he represents.

And all this quite apart from the fact that he gains bodily strength and an outlet for his physical energy.

The Briton's love of clean, wholesome sport is at the bottom of it all. Here is a contest in which men—and women, too—are interested for itself. Betting on the Boat Race, no doubt, exists, but it is so little of the essence of the thing that we can forget it.

It is just a matter of muscle, skill, and physical endurance. The boat and oars are merely necessary implements, and not mechanical aids to success.

A race of any kind is one of the most primitive forms of athletic contest, and here we have it in its simplest form, almost unhampered by rules and conditions. Every nerve, every effort of brain and muscle, is strained in the simple endeavour to get there first.

C. S.

TEACHING A FRIEND BILLIARDS.

HINTS THAT WILL BE USEFUL TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Probably nine out of ten men who play an occasional "hundred up," and play it well, too, have learned the game in some mysterious way without the assistance of a professional instructor. But the great majority of these men when they have reached a stage of proficiency, when a consistent break of ten or fifteen is a more or less usual occurrence, "stop dead," as it were, and make no further progress.

It often depends on a friend whether you will make a good player or not—for it is by a friend that most men are taught the game.

Here are some hints then, given to the writer by a professional of note, which may perhaps be of service to more than one reader when next called upon to teach a friend billiards.

Don't let him play an actual game at once. This is what every man wants to do with his friend, but it is fatal to the learner's future. Keep him slogging away at stroke play—and not even that until he can hold his cue and stand at the table to your entire satisfaction.

Briefly the "stance" should be:—An easy attitude at the table, left foot pointing in the same direction as the eyes, i.e. towards the object ball, and the body bent fairly low, so as to "look along the cue," or as much as is compatible with convenience. The hand that rests on the table should be about a foot away from the point of the cue.

Teach your pupil to hold his cue lightly by the butt, chiefly between the thumb and forefinger, but with a certain pressure, also, of the three other fingers. Make him swing it from the shoulder and not—as is the grievous fault of many players—from the elbow.

When he has attained a certain amount of sense of direction in hitting his ball—it is very good practice to play the ball straight up the table along all the centre spots and back—you can let your friend start on stroke play.

Without doubt the best stroke to teach him at first is the "straight cannon." Make these easy at first, but it will do no harm to make them long. Put the object white, say, on the centre spot, and the red close to one of the top pockets. Make your pupil hit the white "half-ball," and he will cannon on to the red if you have placed the balls right. The importance of half-ball practice cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

By the way, the great popularity of small-sized tables now-a-days renders one piece of advice necessary. If you are teaching your friend on a small table, teach him strokes which can be played without the use of the cushion, as far as possible; for if you accustom him to the "angles" of a small board, he will be all at sea when he comes to play on a big one.

The best shots to teach on a small table are "losers" into the middle pockets; and straight cannons. Avoid teaching "all round the table" cannons as far as possible until you have the opportunity of instructing your pupil on a full-sized board.

E. H. HILL.

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UP

PETER RAIN



"...the winter is past, the
flood is over and gone; the
floods appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds
is come, and the voice of the
cuckoo is heard in our land."

HOLY WRIT.

On such a day as this
there can surely be no man
to whom the words do not
appeal with a strange and
exalting force. Torrents
may come, winter may even
turn his face back at us and
snarl, with snow and ice for
his tears of useless anger at
the victory of Spring; and
violence will be done again
by wind and storm.

But these things will, we
say in our hope, be but inci-
dents. The fair weather,
the softer winds, the bright-
ness and glow of a friendly
sun are henceforth to be our lot.

How we all live just now, at this time of the
year, in the future! And how we all idealise the
summer that is coming! We put away thoughts
of past and disappointing summers, broken
summers, cold and wet summers, and look con-
fidently to the one that is coming.

We are ready to accept it without a character,
and to forget the delinquencies of its predecessors.

A MIRACLE AT NIGHT.

For to-day is the ideal of Spring. Yesterday
and for days before the rain lashed down from
the darkened hills, a fierce wind made the trees
shiver. Pools stood upon the lawns, and the
ditches filled and overflowed the paths.

In the night there was a miracle. The rain
ceased, the gale dropped, stars appeared by mid-
night, and we awoke this morning with a clear
sky, a great clamour of bird-song, and a warm
glow on the bare oak trees in the wood opposite
the bedroom window.

Broken clouds still drifted over the sun at
frequent intervals, driven by some strong wind.
But this was high above our level, and we walked
into the garden in a calm that was at once peace-
ful and lively.

Nature, we saw at once, had lost no time.
Hardly had the rain ceased falling than the whole
earth seemed alive with new growth. In all sorts
of places where new growths were least expected
green blades, broad, deep-coloured, and almost
perfect in their health, stood inches out of grass
and mud.

THE AWAKENING.

Having been so long asleep, renewing strength
and gathering nourishment, Nature is now in great
haste to show us her power, to flood the nooks
and corners with clean, fresh life, to dot the grassy
slopes with swelling buds and spreading leaves.

The minutest buds, bursting with the warmth,
smooth out their wrinkles and creases and expand
to the light, the air, the moisture. And with their
expansion our own feelings keep pace.

A tremendous power of hope and confidence
fills the mind, a longing to be up and doing stirs
the pulses.

Out of doors, anywhere, into fields still soaked,
is the order of our going.

To be in this sun, to feel its strange new power
set us thinking, hoping, longing, moving,
driving—this is the new joy of life that we feel.

Even when the sun is hidden by a long patch
of drifting cloud the dulness is less dull than
yesterday. There is more reflection from the
ground, more light of life in the great trees, more
sound of music in the songs of many birds, and
we are content to await the sun's return.

Far through the wood we watch the band of
light approach. The trunks of the farthest trees
are lit again, and the brightness comes silently

towards us, swiftly, until
once more we feel the
warmth.

There is fierceness in
the spirit that is every-
where abroad—a fierce
hunger for experience in
every aspect of Nature.
The whole earth strains
to leap forward, impa-
tient of a day's delay,
like a strong man, long
celibate, impatient of
his loneliness.

All things are profligate
of strength, and
yearn to prove powers
long dormant.

Some magic power
has cleared the way for
the new loveliness of
earth. Woods have
been swept clear of the
rotting, last year's leaves
and deadwood. Earth
has absorbed the wrack
of her past abundance,
the fields are swept,
and will soon be gar-
nished with light and brilliant colour. Earth will
be again ideal.

Doubt has died throughout Nature's realm.
No bird, no tree, no plant, no dancing gnat has
even a memory of the dark and cold of winter.
They have taken the sun at his word, and are out
to live, fully, fiercely, ravishingly, come what may.

Springs have come before this one, but all the
springs of all the ages and eras and epochs are
forgotten. This one is something new, the
freshest experience ever vouchsafed to the world,
and no man can resist its call; no living soul can
do ought but live and revel in the beauty of it all.

C. EASTON-GREY.

THE MAN WHO STARES.

BY A LADY CONTRIBUTOR.

There are many types of objectionable men, but
perhaps the worst is the man who stares. He is
usually a young man, who delights to think of
himself as a gay young spark, quite a "lady's
man," in fact.

He enters a railway carriage or a tramcar, and
immediately scrutinises his fellow-passengers,
feminine of course.

When his eyes have alighted upon one whom
he considers sufficiently attractive, he fixes his
gaze upon her. Possibly the girl has a sense of
humour, and, against her will, a smile flickers
over her face. This, by the young man opposite,
is taken as a sign of encouragement, and he at
once comes to the conclusion that yet another
has succumbed to his charms, while in reality the
girl is feeling most annoyed.

But he does not confine this annoying habit to
trams or trains. We have all met him when
taking our mid-day lunch. No one likes to feel
that they are being watched all the time they are
eating, but he seats himself at a certain table, and
at once commences to take a very keen interest in
someone else at that same table, with the result
that he works his victim into a state of feverish
heat, until he or she feels sure that they will do
something silly, drop a knife, knock over the
coffee, or make some such awkward blunder, and,
rather than so commit themselves, they leave the
remainder of their lunch, pay their bill, and
depart.

These men stare intentionally, but there are
others whose thoughts are centred on things far
removed from the trivialities of everyday life,
whose thoughts are miles away from where they
may be at the time, and certainly from the person
at whom they may be looking.

To them I would say, get some kind friend to
break you of this habit.

E. L. MARTIN.

BOOK-CASE WISDOM.

If you buy a bookcase
or bookshelves, and espe-
cially if you buy them at
sales and cheap, it is
worth while paying atten-
tion to a few points that
affect the condition of the
books you will keep, and
presumably try to pre-
serve, upon them.

You will notice that in
most of these bookcases
the actual shelves (not
the case or frame itself)
upon which the books
will stand, is often of very
inferior wood, and that
this wood is rough, full
of small splinters, and
quite unsuitable for lea-
ther bindings.

Before putting your
books on such shelves
have the rough wood
made smooth, and give
the surface as much
polish as possible. This
will prevent the lower
edges of the books from
getting rough and worn.
This will also save much
dust.

When taking down a
book do not put one
finger on the top of it
and pull it outward. The
leather will break or tear
and the back will be half
spoiled.

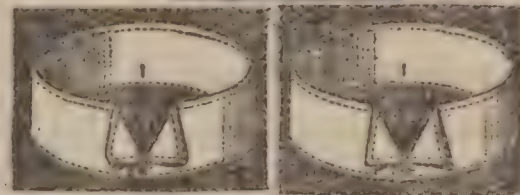
Leave as little space
above the books as pos-
sible, to avoid dust.

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the chance of
a lifetime for
You. Will you let
it pass You by?

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GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly HALF-A-MILLION POUNDS TO CLIENTS.

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(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SPEED AND ORGANISATION.

If you come to analyse the methods of any successful business, at least in the days of its growth, you will find that speed plays a very important part in the achievement of its success. It is not the amount of time put in at the works or at the office that counts, but the amount of work turned out.

Hasty, rushed work, on the other hand, is even less useful than slow methodical work. Speed must be combined with method and organisation, and as a natural consequence, to these must be added uniformity.

These principles are not merely applicable to the great businesses which are already assured successes. In every business, however small, they should be the bed-rock on which it is built up.

Partnerships rarely succeed unless one partner is allowed to have supreme command over the organisation. Most of the leading business houses of to-day started as "one-man shows"; afterwards, when the system of the business was more or less firmly established, other partners may have been admitted, but the uniformity of method was not allowed to suffer.

If every unit in a great business has a different method of his or her own there is an inevitable waste of time and labour if one of those units falls ill or leaves, for no one can take up his work where he left off and carry it on in the same way.

The greatest asset that the initiator of a great undertaking can have is the power to put his finger on the quickest method of doing the necessary work efficiently, and to enforce it among his employees.

Standardisation is at the root of modern business. A restaurant where each waiter laid the table just as he liked, and adopted whatever method occurred to him in connection with the details of his work, would certainly not be able to boast of quick service, and would probably result in chaos, for every customer would want to be served by the waiter whose method was the best.

The duty of the organiser, therefore, is to spot that best method and see that every waiter in the place adopts it.

And the same holds good of every employer of labour. In the office he can study the methods of clerks and typists, and having by experiment decided which is at once the quickest and the most efficient, he should insist on its being adopted by others.

Certain of the big firms who own many shops in London and the country issue from headquarters even a standard plan of window-dressing.

Not only does this produce better results, for the originator of the scheme is a tried expert, but it actually saves time, since one man is occupied in thinking out the plan for all, instead of one assistant in each shop, and with a definite scheme to work on the job is far more quickly done.

It may be said that this kills individual enterprise, but the wise firm is always ready to accept suggestions for improvement from its employees, and if those suggestions are adopted, the senders get the advancement they deserve.

Besides this, there are plenty of opportunities for the employee to use his own initiative and resource, while still adopting the general methods laid down by headquarters. The important thing is to employ one's originality in the right direction.

S. T. YOUNG.



FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

HOW THE MARKETS STAND.

Financial matters, as far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, have been very quiet during the week under review; but the position is sound, and, except in the South African market, prices have every prospect of improvement.

The Rubber market is quiet at the lower levels; but the leading shares are not dear, and the low-priced shares of

companies with good prospects will be at a very different price in a few months' time.

Oil shares show very few changes; but the general rise which will take place in this market cannot be long delayed.

I strongly advise my readers who have money to invest to lay in a few lines of sound and promising oil shares now, as, although they may have to wait a little time for the "bull" movement, it is better to do that than miss the market, which they will very likely do when prices begin to move.

Home Rails are firm, and as I don't think there is much of a "bull" account in this market prices may move merrily ahead again at any moment.

Americans at the moment of writing are higher; but I am still against the market.

The South African market seems to be going from bad to worse, and the general outlook is indeed gloomy.

West Africans are firm, and give a fair prospect for the speculative investor who likes dealing in mines.

Shareholders interested in Mexican concerns need have no fear for property, as the Mexican Government will undoubtedly make good any damage done during the rebellion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Y. (Sherborne).—The firm of outside brokers you inquire about may or may not be reliable; but whether they are or not, you will lose your money if you speculate on the margin system. As they run the stock against you, and your loss is their gain, their recommendations would certainly not be worth following.

G. W. (Nelson).—The company is genuine enough, but the value of the shares is about fourpence—not four shillings. The people who sold you the shares charged far too much, but I doubt if you have any remedy.

"BANK" (Fulham).—Farrow's Bank, 1, Cheap-side, London, E.C., would be an institution suitable for your purpose.

F. C. (Grimsby).—You might invest the £25 you have lying idle in either Way-Halim Rubber and Coffee Estates or Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares.

G. D. (Birmingham).—I should advise you to hold the shares you mention.

"INVESTOR" (Taunton).—Your list is a good one. I work out the average return at slightly over four per cent. You cannot expect a higher return unless you include some more speculative investments, which of course means reduced safety.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

SPRING IN THE CITY.

THE WORK OF NATURE AMONG THE WORKS OF MAN.

Even here, in a closed-in space where trees struggle for breath and grass dares to show above the sooty, drab ground, the great uplift of spring cannot be barred out.

Round the grey-black walls of old and imposing offices, where men work all day on the brightest of days by the extra aid of artificial light, Nature may be seen at work, and apparently happy, even in the sooty air without. People pass and repass in and out of ancient stone archways that lead in here from the roaring street without noticing the strange difference to be seen even on the sooty grass.

Where bare patches of ground had been a while winter are now tiny green blades that soon will hide the bare earth and make a green oasis, until the children run again in midsummer heat and wear it away.

Shrubs that seem to have no single pore unchoked are putting forth ever-swelling buds, and, in spite of the worst that smoke can do, will soon make a brave show of leaf.

Among the birds the coming spring is creating much excitement. Even the libertine sparrows are fighting for the one female of their choice, and are disputing for the possession of the holes in the ancient trees, or for spaces in the guttering or stonework of the old grey buildings. As evening falls they can be seen and heard in the still bare trees, chattering in a mad assembly before suddenly falling to silence and rest as the lamps begin to shine through the blue-black murk.

The great plump pigeons have already gone aloft and are settled for the night. You may see them against the dirty white of the city sky roosting, not in clumps and clusters as recently, but by two and two in widely separated parts of the trees. By day they can be seen already picking at twigs, playing at nest building, before the real work begins; but soon a careful eye will detect their platforms of thin sticks lodged on some far-reaching branch, where the real nest is being made.

Now and then the persuasive, coaxing, far away long-drawn-out cooing up in the branches makes one think of hot summer days and far away woodlands. And all the time some of the men in some of the offices round about are stifling unutterable longings to get out into the air, to leave the flagstones for the springy turf.

The birds and the grass and the trees feel the subtle influence of Spring, and answer to it; but the men who work in the offices of the City have to wait patiently, and dream that some day they too may be able to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine.

ROBERT SIMS.

GOOD POSITIONS

can always be found for men with Special Ability. There are hundreds of men with Special Aptitude for a certain class of work who are in positions where that Aptitude has no scope, and is accordingly not appreciated or properly paid for. We want such men. If you are one of them, and can prove that you are capable of filling a Responsible Position, write us to-day—or call.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. WADE LANG.

FERRIS'S SPIRITUAL PROFIT

A few days after we had depleted Lord Glencairny's banking account to the extent of ten thousand pounds Ferris left London, saying that he was going on the Continent to distribute as many of the banknotes as he safely could among the various agents with whom we regularly had dealings.

More than a fortnight passed before he returned.

I remember I was pacing restlessly up and down the sitting-room of the flat, the victim of vague forebodings, when I heard his familiar signal, and gave vent to a sigh of relief.

He came in, magnificently disguised—French-looking, with a soft hat and flowing tie, and pointed boots, and a brown paper parcel under his arm.

He closed the door and stood a moment, regarding me with eyes that glittered strangely.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"Yes. Very glad to see you back, that's all. I was beginning to get anxious about you."

"Nothing happened while I've been away?"

"No. What did you expect would happen?"

He did not reply.

Walking to the table, he laid down the brown-paper parcel, and then switched on the electric current which made opening of the outer door impossible.

For a moment his eyes travelled round guardedly, as though in search of some stealthy danger.

"You've had no visitor?" he said.

"None. What's up, Ferris?"

"I'll tell you presently. Have you been going out-of-doors much during my absence?"

"Not in the daytime. In the evenings now and then."

"You've not been accosted or interfered with?"

"No."

"Nor followed?"

"I can't say. I should have noticed it, I think."

He reached up and turned down the light.

"Come with me," he said, and he led me into his bedroom, which was at the front, and across to the window which overlooked the street. He was careful to avoid touching the curtains.

"Look!" said he. "You see him? On the opposite side of the street. An old man with a black patch over one eye, standing against the wall, and holding out matches for sale. How long has he been there?"

"You don't mean——," I began, startled.

"He's very stout, you perceive. He is almost opposite here, and no one can come in or go out without his knowing."

"I've seen him several times lately!" I said. "He stands there all day. I remember, now! I bought matches off him only yesterday."

"And you saw him at close quarters," said Ferris, pityingly; "and didn't recognise him! Oh, Burke, Burke!"

"Who is he, then?"

Ferris took a steady grip of my forearm.

"Dawe," said he.

I hissed in my breath with astonishment.

"No!"

"Yes, John Dawe, the bookmaker. Dawe, the amateur criminologist, whose genius for unravelling crime is nothing short of the uncanny. He's on our tracks, Burke; that's as certain as I'm a sinner. The problem is——"

"But are you *sure*?" I interrupted, rather despairingly.

"I wish I were so sure of our safety, old chap. He's unmistakable—for one who possesses such sensitive eyes as mine. I gave him but a passing glance, and I tell you, Burke, if it hadn't been for your being up here, I should have walked straight on and got into the first cab that came along, and put as many miles as possible between us in the shortest possible space of time. He is too dangerous for me to feel comfortable in his proximity. I look upon him as the most dangerous man in England, to such as ourselves."

"But do you think he knew you?" I asked him.



"As inevitably as I knew him," returned Ferris. "What else has he been waiting outside for—except for my return? Somehow he must have ascertained that these are our headquarters, and——"

"But how the devil could he have got on our trail?" said I wretchedly.

"Ask the devil," said Ferris cynically. "Dawe doesn't reason on orthodox lines. The vital circumstance is that he's *there*!"

He left the window after another glance through, and went back to the sitting-room with his silent, quick stride. His hat was still on, and he lit a cigarette and then tucked the brown-paper parcel under his arm.

"Going out again?" said I.

"This very minute," said Ferris, "and so are you, a few minutes afterwards. Dawe will follow me, unless I'm vastly mistaken; and you'll watch through the window till he's gone, when you'll quit."

"There's no option," he went on. "It's cut and run. We must separate. Fortunately, everything is always prepared for a sudden exodus, and you know where to make for."

We had the bulk of our money invested in foreign banks, and had sufficient in gold to suffice for immediate needs.

Ferris patted the parcel under his arm.

"My pla-a-y!" said he, with complete alteration of voice and extravagant pride. "I am Renaud, the French dramatist, and I come to make *offaire* to M'sieu Lyall, the theatrical agent, that he shall produce it in London. *Voilà!*"

He stepped to the door.

Turning, he looked at me for a moment with an odd intermingling of irony and affection.

"For a few days only, old Irishman," said he. "Don't conjure up too many spectres, for I feel it in my bones that our time is not yet. I shall write to you as soon as it's safe to do so. For the present, console yourself with the thought that I go to lead our friend Dawe a perfect devil of a dance!"

He passed out without sound, leaving me with locked lips and a cold determination to protect my freedom at all costs.

Returning to the bedroom window, I stared down at the solid, motionless old man, with a patch over his eye and matches held out in one hand; and even as I watched, a French-looking figure crossed the street and directly approached him.

I held my breath at Ferris's audacity. He purchased a box of matches and then sauntered on his way with never a backward glance.

Almost immediately the stout man in rags pocketed his matches and shuffled after him. My last glimpse was that of an apparently decrepit

vagrant hailing a taxicab, showing the driver something in his hand—probably money—and jumping in with surprising agility.

Within the hour a train was speeding me northwards out of London.

II.

I have never ceased to marvel at Ferris's ability for turning even our misfortunes to profitable account.

Had it not been for Dawe scenting out our lair and driving us forth from it, I question whether Ferris would have thought of the subsequent scheme he did, and MacPhardie, the Glasgow distiller, not to speak of others, would have escaped being the victim of a daring and impudent swindle.

A week had barely elapsed since our parting when a letter from Ferris reached me at the retreat to which I had flown, containing certain precise and careful instructions, upon which I was required immediately to act.

That morning I left for Glasgow.

I registered at a quiet high-class hotel near the station, which may be called "The Bannockburn," signed myself Oswald Kenworthy, and booked a room for Mr. Stanton Barnett, who was to join me on the morrow.

Mr. Stanton Barnett, it is important to mention, was the name of the private secretary of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I, suppositively, was an under-secretary and his friend.

I lost no time in making the manager of the hotel cognisant of these facts.

I went further: I became confidential under the influence of a few whiskies during the afternoon, and imparted the information that Mr. Stanton Barnett, ostensibly visiting Glasgow for a few days' rest while our "chief" was sojourning abroad, was actually in search of certain intelligence regarding the spirituous liquor trade which might (or might not) have bearing on the Budget then in course of preparation for introduction into Parliament.

My hearer made no attempt to conceal his interest.

During the evening, in a corner of the snugly appointed lounge, I found myself drawn into conversation with a number of well-to-do, middle-aged, ruddy-cheeked gentlemen, who "pumped" me with the genial, bright-eyed shrewdness which is so peculiarly a Scotchman's gift. And it was, perhaps, a lucky thing for our scheme that there was not much water of knowledge in the well.

They were the *coterie* of prominent distillers whom Ferris had mentioned in his letter as being regular habitués of the hotel.

The next day at noon, when Mr. Stanton Barnett arrived, I retired with him at once to the private sitting-room I had engaged, and there told him of my progress.

"Good," said he, with sparkling eyes.

"Is it safe?" I asked him, with some trace of misgiving.

"We never took on anything safer," was the confident reply.

"The Chancellor is abroad, as all the world knows, and his secretary is buried in figures at Downing Street, unlikely to emerge till our little enterprise has succeeded. We shall be here several days, Burke, so far as I can anticipate it."

"The canny Scots, you say, were anxious to make my acquaintance. They shall. I shall make it my duty to call on each of them in turn. They will find me quite a pleasant, impressionable fellow. I shall agree with them when they say—as I inevitably they will say—that the spirit trade is already taxed as high as it is reasonable to tax it, and I shall look appropriately sympathetic when they endeavour to ascertain what precisely are our ideas or intentions in the matter. But beyond that mark—mum!"

"You grasp, of course, the enormously valuable information I could give them, if I would? If the intention is to increase the duty by a substantial margin—and I'm afraid my air of sympathy will suggest it—then by withdrawing a large quantity of spirit from bond, they could diddle the Chan-

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and at the same time ensure making an
profit when the new duty came into force
the price was raised proportionately to cover
say again, the information would be ex-
valuable.
There is such a thing," continued Ferris, "as
a gentleman conveying by very delicate innuendo
where artifice fails the persuasion of a *bribe*
I am not altogether ignorant of that art,
like, else were we poorer than we are, and I
hope that within forty-eight hours the dis-
of Glasgow will be subconsciously aware
my honour is capable of having a price put
it. Then look out for some amusing
periences."
He was not far astray in his prognostications,
as early developments proved. On the Thursday
afternoon a card was brought up to our room, and
Mr. Stanton Barnett said:
"Yes, show the gentleman up at once, please."
He turned to me.
"Into that bedroom, quick!" said he. "It's
MacPhardie, the biggest man in the place. You
leave the door ajar—but don't utter a sound."
A minute later I heard his cultured voice
"Good afternoon, Mr. MacPhardie. Delighted
to see you. I cordially welcome a private chat.
Yes, quite alone! My colleague has just
order to the waiter followed, and then for a
time their colloquy was perfunctory.
Mr. MacPhardie began to talk in lowered tones.
I could not see him, for the inch-open door only
manded a view of the side-window, and I
catch only a sentence here and there.
What I want to put to you is *strictly* confi-
dential. You've to give me your word for that."
"Certainly."
"Whether it's a deal or it isn't. I wanna do
just so. Whatever you care to say I shall be
glad to hear."
Lower tones still.

"Mr. MacPhardie," said Ferris, with clear
intonation, "I regret I don't quite understand
you."
"Perhaps ye do understand, but pretend ye
don't." Mr. MacPhardie sounded half-humorous
and half-unbelieving—the inflection of a man who
was fairly sure of his subject.
"I might understand better . . ." suggested
Ferris.
The next thing I knew was that he had risen to
his feet.
It was the abrupt movement of a man who had
given way to sudden indignation.
He appeared in my line of vision, and stood
with bent head and hands rattling the keys in his
pockets—thinking.
He lifted his head and gazed reflectively at the
ceiling. He strolled to the window and appeared
to take a new and quite irrelevant interest in the
canary in the gilt bird-cage.
His whole personality radiated indecision and a
struggle with mercenary temptation.
Mr. MacPhardie remained silent; he was
probably satisfied with the symptoms.
"I admit it is a staggering proposal," said
Ferris. "I really ought to kick you downstairs,
you know . . ."
His manner underwent a change.
"You cannot expect me to sell my honour and
imperil my career," he said, looking at his com-
panion. "I need money—I will not disguise it.
I have made several bad speculations of late.
But three thousand pounds. . . ."
"Three thousand pounds," he repeated, dis-
paragingly.
He got five thousand in the end.
He received it in English banknotes on the
following morning, signatures on cheques being
inconvenient.
A condition Mr. MacPhardie made was that
Ferris should give his word of honour not to
divulge to the other distillers the Chancellor's
determination to put as heavy a tax on whisky as
it would possibly stand.
The same stipulation was made by each of the

other distillers with whom Ferris entered into
identical negotiations. It was cheerfully acceded
to.
We left Glasgow on the following Tuesday with
twenty-three thousand in notes stored about our
persons.
That was the week when the London papers
commented on the remarkable increase of busi-
ness done with the Excise.
It was assumed that the Chancellor, observing
that the distillers had taken steps to safeguard
themselves, realised that an enhanced tax would
bring in no appreciable revenue; and therefore
the whisky tax remained unchanged that year.
* * *
We never heard whether our swindle was
ultimately discovered. We fancy those canny
Scots would not be over-eager to talk about it
[Another of these stories will appear shortly.—
EDITOR.]

WHEN A MAN MOVES.

The instinct of a man, when he is about
to change his diggings and when he has his
own furniture, is to look in at the shop where
he has seen the notice: "Furniture Removed,"
and tell them that on such and such a day he
will want his furniture moved.
This saves trouble, but it does not save
money.
If the mover has a reasonable quantity
of goods to be moved he will find that every
furniture-remover in his district will be glad
to look in at any time to see the furniture,
and to give an estimate. By letting each man
know that there are others after the job, the
lowest quotation will probably be very low,
indeed, and a great deal lower than the
charge made by the man who knows he has
the field to himself.
That is, of course, a primary principle of
business, but many men throw away money
through not carrying it into their private life.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TAILORS' BILLS.

For some reason which I have never been able to fathom—unless it is the obliging nature of the average knight of the scissors—most men seem to regard their tailor's bill as the one that can be left to the last, and to be of opinion that the tailor ought to think himself lucky if he does not have to wait more than six months or so for his money.

There are actually men who will tell you that you get better attention in this way, for the tailor is anxious to keep your custom, since he knows that if you leave him his chances of getting paid become smaller.

Whether these people seriously believe what they say, I do not know. Personally, however, I have always found that the man who pays up regularly and without delay gets the best attention.

The tailor knows that a bird in the hand is worth any number in the bush when it comes to getting his bills paid, and the cash customer is his best friend.

What the latter has to beware of is being charged a price which leaves the tailor a margin to cover the bad debts and overdue accounts of other customers who seem to have conscientious objections to parting with their money.

The best plan is to make as good a bargain as you can in the first instance, and then to pay up like a man. A suit that is not paid for never feels quite the same, and they say unpaid-for boots always squeak.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

A hint which is especially to be recommended to the man who does not always patronise the same tailor, is to get an extra piece of stuff with every suit you buy.

When you are getting a new suit, such things as patches naturally do not enter your head. A suit that needs patching, you think, might just as well be thrown away.

But it is a different matter when, after wearing the suit for a week or two, you find that you have burnt a hole through the coat with the end of your cigarette.

You are not going to throw that suit away, and you want to get it patched or darned. The best plan, no doubt, if you can afford the time, trouble, and money, is to take the coat to a tailor.



But often you can get the job done at home quite well if you have the materials handy.

But if it is a case for a patch, you must have a piece of the identical stuff, and this may not be easy to obtain.

Even the tailor from whom you bought the suit may no longer have any of this material in stock.

If the hole is so small as only to require darning, the only way to ensure a satisfactory result is to use a thread drawn from the cloth of which the suit is made.

Sometimes this can be obtained from a seam inside the trousers or beneath the lining of the coat. But if you have a separate piece of stuff handy there is no difficulty about it.

Most tailors will give you a piece of the material which would otherwise have been wasted. A few square inches will be all that is necessary.

Even if you have to pay extra for a larger piece, it may prove a very good investment if it saves the suit from being scrapped before its time.

A MAN'S UMBRELLA.

Having had plenty of opportunities for doing so in the weather we have lately been enjoying, I have recently been making a study of umbrellas, and I have come to the conclusion that a man's umbrella is the one part of his outfit which may be shabby without detracting seriously from his well-dressed appearance.

I have seen highly respectable, silk-hatted business men and smart young men about town carrying umbrellas which, no doubt, would look very well when rolled, but which, when open, display rents and holes.

His umbrella can hardly be regarded as part of a man's clothes. It is a necessary and none too beautiful adjunct.

When it is raining he wants to use his umbrella, and though the holes may be painfully apparent, the "gamp" is none the less serviceable in keeping the rain off.

When it is put down or rolled up, the holes are forgotten, and even if you have an understudy the chances are that you do not remember to get the umbrella mended while it is fine.

If the damage is not serious it can often be repaired at home, where there is more likelihood of your remembering it in time.

It is not difficult to get some stuff that matches the cover of your umbrella, and to patch the smaller holes with pieces of this stuck on with rubber solution or Seccotine.

If one of the ribs is broken, of course its repair is beyond the amateur, and a visit to the hospital becomes necessary.

ROLLING AN UMBRELLA.

Although a more or less shabby umbrella does not necessarily take the edge off a man's appearance in the same way that shabby boots or a shabby collar would do, a smart and neatly rolled umbrella does much to add to the smartness of his appearance.

There are comparatively few men who know how to roll an umbrella properly, but the knowledge is worth acquiring, for not only does an umbrella rolled in the right way look better, but it lasts longer.

It is largely a matter of practise and knack, and if you come across a man who can roll an umbrella perfectly, don't let him go until you have persuaded him to show you just how it is done.

Such men can at least be found in shops which exist solely for the purpose of selling and repairing umbrellas and walking-sticks.

To roll up an umbrella, hold it tightly with your right hand round the top of the ribs.

With the left hand pull out each flap of the cover, so that the fold comes exactly down the centre.

Then starting with the left hand at the bottom of the umbrella begin to roll carefully and tightly, never releasing the grip on the top of the ribs.

The mistake made by many people is to take the umbrella by the handle and to start rolling straight away, without first arranging the folds so that they will come into the proper place.

The umbrella, when rolled, should be fixed with a band of silk of just the right length. In cheap umbrellas the ring is sometimes attached to a piece of elastic, but this is never strong enough to keep the cover tightly rolled.

If you are wise you will never buy an umbrella that has not a sliding arrangement to hold the points of the ribs when the umbrella is folded.

When in Doubt,

Don't throw your suit away but send it to us to be dry-cleaned in the Achille Serre way.

No matter how stained and out of shape it may be, we can make it wearable, and if it is worn we can re-work the buttonholes—supply new linings—and in fact do any repairs that are necessary.

It will only cost you 3/9 for cleaning and pressing, or a little more if repairs are ordered, and by this small expenditure you may save the cost of a new suit.

Write now for a copy of our booklet, and the address of the nearest branch or agency.

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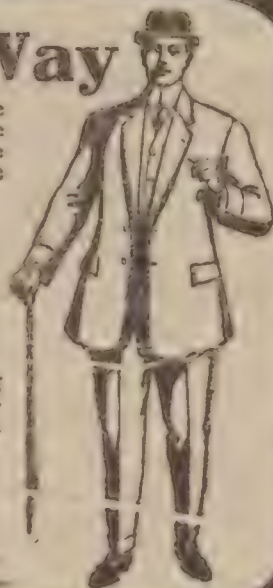
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Together with our booklet, we shall send you, free and post paid, our magnificent range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific self-measurement chart, which enables you to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

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Tailoring Dept.—7, CRESHAM STREET (Opposite G.P.O.), LONDON, E.C.



The old-fashioned rubber ring no doubt answers the purpose just as well, but it is the reverse of smart, and the ring soon gets stretched so that its usefulness is very slight.

FOLDING WAISTCOATS.

While a coat should never be folded when this can be avoided, a waistcoat will profit by being folded up when not in use.

It may, of course, be hung inside the coat on a coat-hanger, but should now and then be folded and put away in a drawer, where the weight of other clothes will help to press it and to remove the creases across the front.

The folding of a waistcoat is a very simple matter. It should first be turned inside out, the lining being folded straight down the back. This is especially necessary if the waistcoat is a light-coloured fancy one, in order that it may be kept clean.

Lay the waistcoat so folded flat on a table, and get the buttons immediately opposite their button-holes. Smooth out any creases that are apparent. Then fold over the back, so that the fold comes at the side seams.

Be most careful that there are no creases round the armholes, and that the two front pieces lie absolutely flat.

Never fold a waistcoat across the front in any circumstances. If a waistcoat folded in the manner above described is too long to lie flat in your bag when you have to pack it, it is better to roll it than to fold it in any other way.

A DRAWBACK OF GAUNTLET CUFFS.

The so-called gauntlet cuff is now almost restricted to overcoats, but no doubt many of my readers still possess lounge jackets which were made while the fashion was still in vogue.

In all probability they insisted on the cuffs being genuinely turned back, and not merely pieces of cloth sewn on to give the appearance of a turned-back cuff, for a sham of that kind is always objectionable and, moreover, the genuine cuff provides a useful temporary receptacle for railway and tram tickets.

But when wearing a lounge jacket with gauntlet cuffs under an overcoat, you will often find when you remove the latter that the gauntlet cuff is turned down or crumpled, and possibly you do not notice this until some kind friend points it out to you. Kind friends seem to gloat in spotting a little thing like that.

To avoid this little annoyance have the cuff stitched to the sleeve on either side. You are never likely to want to turn it down. It will not collect mud as turned-up trousers do.

MOUSTACHE GROWER . . . FREE.

A moustache betokens manliness. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces one at any age like magic. BOYISH FACES BECOME HANDSOME.

In order that readers may test this FREE Wonderful Moustache Grower a week's Full Supply will be sent in plain wrapper by return to any address FREE. Simply send three penny stamps to defray postage, &c. Send now to . . .

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When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the skin.

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When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.—HEBER.

A heavy storm often makes the tidiest of gardens look ragged, and at this time of the year the gravel paths suffer more than any other part.

To remedy the damage the best plan is to sweep the paths and then to roll them well while they are still soft after the rain.

There is a right and a wrong way of sweeping a gravel path, and most amateur gardeners choose the wrong one.

If the path is swept lengthwise a good deal of loose gravel will be swept up with the rubbish into a heap when it must be removed and wasted.

The path should be swept from the sides towards the centre. The rubbish can be picked up here, and in this way much of the fine grit will be replaced in the centre of the path which had been washed from the centre to the sides.

When rolling a path after wet weather, always have a spade handy to scrape the roller withal from time to time, for otherwise it will act on the snowball principle, and pick up more gravel than it rolls in.

However small a garden a man possesses, he ought to reserve a corner in it for herbs and such household necessities as parsley, mustard and cress, lettuces, and so on, which are easily grown and take up very little room.

To attempt to grow vegetables in a small suburban garden is usually a foolish proceeding, for not only are rows of cabbages by no means beautiful or healthy for you or your neighbours to look out upon, but it usually comes cheaper to buy your vegetables than to grow them, unless you are a very large consumer.

It is often very useful, however, to be able to pick some parsley in your own garden when you would not have gone to the trouble of sending to the greengrocer's for a pennyworth.

If you have any difficulty in growing parsley, dig in a quantity of leaf-mould before sowing. The main sowing for late summer and autumn use should be made in March, and for the winter supply in June. For early use the seed should have been sown in pots in February, and the seedlings are transplanted outside, after hardening off, in May.

The plants must not be crowded, but should be gradually thinned out to about six inches apart.

When picking leaves, don't denude one plant and then go on to the next. Take a leaf here and there.

Lettuces can also be sown out of doors this month in a warm sunny border, and fresh sowings made about every three weeks until July.

Mint is best propagated from roots planted in damp sandy soil during the summer, and then planted out six inches apart. Or roots may be divided in March or April.

Most herbs, and especially sage, will do no

good without sun. Seeds of sage may be sown in April, or year-old seedlings put in in March or April. Cuttings from old plants will easily take root, but they should not be taken till about a month hence, well manured, and well drained.

Thyme prefers a light soil, and may be sown from April to July, or roots may be divided in April or May.

A MAN'S EASTER HOLIDAY.

Easter, the first big holiday of the year, is always eagerly looked forward to by every worker, and by no one more than the worker who is a sportsman as well. But although we have waited so long and patiently for it, still, for some unaccountable reason, its actual arrival surprises us in a quandary as to how to spend it to the best advantage.

A great many people go away to the seaside, but here they are, perhaps, not too well advised, for at Easter the year is not far enough advanced towards warm weather for the seaside to offer enjoyment to any but those who love the bleak beach and grey clouds driven by chill winds across a slaty sky.

If you must go away, why not go somewhere in the heart of the country, where good walks and coarse fishing will offer themselves to you, and where in the evening you can sit cosily in the village inn or in the farm-parlour, while greybeards recount for your entertainment, over a pipe and glass, all the sporting lore of the district round about?

But why not stay in your own town at Easter? Practically every imaginable form of sport will be easily within your reach, and by retrenching over the expenses of your Easter holiday you will be able to go away in greater comfort when Whitsun brings with it warmer sunshine, brighter skies, and added opportunities for greater enjoyment.

CHEAP COLLARS.

It has been said that a man's clothes are judged chiefly by the condition of his collars and his boots. Certainly the man who pays attention to his dress likes to have his collars in good condition, and hitherto it has been rather an expensive matter for him to do so, for the average laundry massacres a collar in a very short time.

A new line of cheap and excellent collars has been placed on the market by Messrs. H. Wagstaff, 59, King's Road, London, S.W.

The price they charge is only 1s. 9d. for six collars, post free. Those desirous of renewing their stock of collars have here an excellent opportunity.

You Shave Yourself,

but your blade never cuts quite as keenly as a professional shaver's. Send P.O. 1s. for a tin of Paste as used in the trade and get a

PERFECT EDGE (a trade secret).

JAMES, 14a, Edgehill Road, Winton, Bournemouth.

SENT FOR 5/- DIRECT FROM FACTORY

You can buy on credit direct from our works new Coventry made "QUADRANT" cycles at HALF SHOP PRICES. Sent on 10 days' approval and guaranteed 10 years. Money returned if dissatisfied. We only charge TRADE price £22 12s. for fully equipped up-to-date models which Agents sell in shops at 26 10s. Buy direct and Save Middlemen's Profits. Easy terms from 5/- monthly. Strict privacy; quick delivery. Write for Illustrated Lists To-Day. Quadrant Cycle Co., Ltd., Dept. 26, COVENTRY.

FROM £312 CASH.

20 Medals AWARDED.

QUADRANT

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

E. H. (Dundee).—Presumably you are not a member of the Territorials, otherwise you would not ask us for a cure for round shoulders. Why not join at once.

J. F. L. (Yarmouth).—A man does not have a black edge to his business note-paper when he is in mourning.

J. M. (Sheffield).—It is very difficult to get a job on an ocean-going steamer unless you are on the spot, but you might write to the various shipping companies in Hull and Liverpool.

C. R. (Bolton).—Better write to Mr. Inch, who will give your case his personal and special attention if you mention that you are a friend of ours.

H. FINNEY, of The Cross, Oswestry, Salop, desires to correspond with readers in the Colonies.

H. T. (Dublin).—Thanks for useful information.

T. R. D. (Carlisle).—For all information regarding prospects in the Colonies and all foreign countries you should write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. To us it seems almost tragic that so many fine men should be leaving this country, while undesirable aliens are flocking into it.

E. M. (Workop).—It is not usual in this country for men to wear a number of rings, but it is quite common on the Continent. Better stick to a plain gold ring unless you want to be mistaken for a foreigner.

W. B. (Manchester).—The fashions in men's hats for the coming summer have not yet been settled, but it is probable that the soft felt hat will be as popular as ever, because it is comfortable. You must remember, however, that this sort of hat does not suit every man.

P. M. (Glasgow).—Certainly there is nothing effeminate or childish about your hobby of pigeon-keeping. One of our most sporting contributors takes keen delight in his collection of coloured mice.

F. B. B. (Stockport).—As you contemplate a cycling tour in France we advise you to join the Cyclists' Touring Club. You will find many advantages from doing so.

T. S. (Inverness).—Most articles and books on gardening are written for the English reader. In your part of the country things are about three weeks later, and you must make allowances accordingly.

J. B. R. (Glasgow).—Take your dog to a vet. As he appears to be seriously ill it would be unwise for you to attempt any sort of home doctoring.

E. W. (Reading).—Any good building society will assist you to purchase your house, but be careful as to what contracts you sign.

R. L. (Leicester).—The price you ought to pay for an engagement ring depends entirely upon your finances. We have known men who have not been able to present their future bride with anything better than a silver ring.

P. L. (Luton).—In these days it is highly necessary that a veterinary surgeon should be fully qualified. You might practise without having undergone the necessary examinations, but you could never build up a successful business. Get to know one of the vets. in Luton, and talk the matter over with him.

G. H. G. (Madrid).—So far you are the only League member in the Spanish capital.

G. L. (Lambeth).—Write to the Secretary of the South London MODERN MAN Club, Mr. M. McIntosh, 28, Derwent Grove, East Dulwich.

R. T. G. (Beckenham).—Join the League by all means. We shall give you a hearty welcome.

J. M. (Edinburgh), R. W. (Manchester), T. E. J. (Bristol), S. L. (Bermondsey), D. Mo. (Perth), G. W. W. (Malta), A. E. (Worthing), H. J. P. (Halifax), T. B. H. (Dover), R. S. (Cork), E. G. (High Wycombe).—Much obliged.

MORE LEAGUE MEMBERS.

We print below a further list of members of THE MODERN MAN League, including the first instalment of the many hundreds who live in or near London. We should be glad to hear as soon as possible of any errors or omissions in order that these may be remedied in a supplementary list. This will also include the names of members joining after the publication of the list for their district. An application form for membership, with particulars of the badges issued appears on another page.

LIVERPOOL (continued).

W. ROBERTS, 97, Breeze Hill, Walton.
H. ROBERTSON, 23, Bankburn Road, Tuebrook.
J. ROGERS, 4, Ivy Street.
A. L. ROSSIGNOL, 34, Briardale Road, Mossley Hill.
F. ROWLANDS, 39, Silverdale Avenue, Tuebrook.
J. SALMON, 85, July Road, Anfield.
H. B. SHAW, 41, Foxhill Street.
H. S. SHAW, 48, Esmond Street, Anfield.
W. E. SHAW, 41, Foxhill Street, Northhill Street.
T. J. SIMPSON, 38, Redrock Street, West Derby Road.
J. P. SINCLAIR, 48, Lodge Lane.
W. C. SLADE, 32, Harewood Street.
G. F. SMITH, 11, Horatio Street.
J. J. SMITH, 80, Tillard Street, Kirkdale.
T. H. SMITH, 20, Upper Stamhope Street.
J. SPENCER-JONES, 150, Fountains Road, Kirkdale.
J. SULLIVAN, 3, Newsham Drive.
F. TAYLOR, The Cottage, Manfred Street, Low Hill.
H. THOMAS, 67, Tunnel Road.
S. THOMAS, 1, Naseby Street, Walton.
S. R. THOMAS, 11, Elsie Road, Anfield.
T. THOMAS, 67, Belmont Drive, Newsham Park.
W. H. THOMAS, 27, Kearsley Street, Kirkdale.



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Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.—
"The accuracy with which he depicted my life facts known only to myself leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—
"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not know, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Clifton Bingham writes:—
"Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and a stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE
from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 80, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.
A Professional Man writes:—**YOU**

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J. H. THOMSON, 14, Kenilworth Street, Bootle.
R. L. TURNELL, care of Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Bootle.
F. VEALL, 77, Amptill Road, Aigburth.
F. VERNON, 39, Grey Road, Walton.
H. V. WAGNER, 20, Claribel Street, Princes Park.
J. E. WALSH, 154, Phythian Street.
M. J. WHELAN, 6, Gray Street, Bootle.
J. WHITE, 73, Coleridge Street, Kensington.
J. WHITTINGTON, 37, Creswick Street, Everton.
F. W. WICKHAM, 117, Adelaide Road.
J. WIGGINS, 145, Wavertree Road, Edge Hill.
S. T. WILCOX, 32, Balfour Street.
H. W. WILKINS, 44, Fazakerley Road, Walton.
W. H. WILKINSON, 63, Rupert Hill, Everton.
S. WILLIAMS, 2, Corless Street, Everton.
T. P. WILLIAMS, 76, Kingsley Road, Princes Park.
G. WINSOR, 51, Nuttall Street.
R. WOODS, 14, Northcote Street, Everton.
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H. LIDBETTER, Harley House, Mastyn Avenue.
J. LUCAS, 58, Alexandra Road.
R. D. WATKINS, 15, Craig-y-Don Parade.
J. WILLIAMS, 18, Taliesin Street.

LLANELLY.

E. P. DAVIES, 5, Bryn Road.
A. E. DEVERALL, Warwick Road.
I. HANCOCK, Goods Department, L. & N. W. Ry.
D. J. JONES, 4, Sandy Gate Terrace.
N. PHILLIPS, 6, Marble Hall Road.
J. RICHARDS, 12, New Road.
S. P. STUART, 18, Cowell Street.
H. WILLIAMS, 20, West End.
W. J. WILLIAMS, 20, West End.

LLANFAIRTECHAN.

W. S. THOMAS, Glan Aber.

LLANHARAN.

J. EVANS, 2, Danygraig Road.

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F. EDMONDS, 13, Grange Terrace.

LOCHEE BY DUNDEE.

R. D. BUCHAN, 63, High Street.

LODDON.

F. C. LORD, Police Station.

LOFTUS IN CLEVELAND.

L. RICHARDSON, 8, Zetland Road.

LONDON.

Acton.

F. DEAN, 135, Batto Lane.
J. HAWKINS, the Windmill Hotel, High Street.
W. G. JOHNSON, 42, Hillcrest Road.
S. WALLING, 91, Valletta Road.
T. H. WILLIAMS, 1, Elmwood Gardens.
J. WILTBERGER, 49, Park Road, North.

Alexandra Park.

F. D. RUFFLER, 83, Palace Gates Road.

Anerley.

W. H. ELLIS, 139, Anerley Road.

Balsam.

P. S. LAUGHTON, 28, Dinsmore Road.
H. W. MAY, 43, Balsam Park Road.
C. R. ODLUM, 72, Burnbury Road.
J. A. SHEARER, 37a, Midmoor Road.
W. SHEARER, 37a, Midmoor Road.
E. L. YARROW, 28, Chestnut Grove.

Barking.

C. H. CARTER, 47, St. Paul's Road.
F. W. CASS, 25, St. Margaret's Road.
A. EVANS, 54, Harpaur Road.
J. EVERITT, 100, Glenny Road.
A. W. FANCE, 117, Abbey Road.
F. FRIESH, 49, Broadway.
H. H. HOLLICK, 233, Ripple Road.
W. J. LEE, 87, Axe Street.
E. C. TWYCCROSS, 117, Abbey Road.
L. WOODALL, 16, Harpaur Road.

(To be continued.)



Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed " & Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two or three gent.'s white shirts, the very best quality, samples, brand new. What offers?—Box 4216, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A glance at McKinley advertisement, page 22, will reward you.

Lounge Suit, dark grey, New Bond Street maker, excellent condition, cost £4 4s., accept 22s. 6d.; chest 40in., leg 32½in., waist 37in.; also good black overcoat, velvet collar, length 42in., chest 43in., 14s. 6d.—Box 4330, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Frock Coat, silk facings, chest 39in., new (through death), cost 4gs., 30s.; white shirts (American), new, neck 15½in.; what offers?—Box 4331, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Gold-mounted Umbrella, finest bordered silk, Fox's frame, cost £1 12s. 6d., unused; exchange good phonograph, mandoline, &c.; or sell.—Box 4332, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Lounge Suit, dark brown tweed, stylish tailor-made, unworn, extra trousers; chest 38in., leg 31in.; accept 20s.; dark navy blue suit, same measure, extra trousers, unworn, 20s.—Box 4332, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Lounge Suits, height 5ft. 4in., slight figure; also Knicker Suits for boy, age nine.—Box 4333, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mackintosh, new, gentleman's, smart fawn waterproof cloth, not common rubber, chest 38in., length 50in.; bargain 17s. 6d.; worth 45s.—Box 4334, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sandow's developer, complete; also mackintosh, suit man 5ft. 9in., seldom worn. What offers?—Box 4330, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Best quality Greenheart Fly Rod, 10ft., by Hardy Bros., take £1.—Box 4336, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Parallel bars, rings, ropes, climbing rope, wood dumb-bells, clubs, Swedish leather-covered boom saddle, for sale, price £7 7s., or near offer.—Box 4336, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Spot-End Billiard Table, standard pockets preferred, good condition, and cheap.—Box 4337, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle Board, folding, handsome solid mahogany, 8ft. by 30in., superior quality, India-rubber cushion, new cloth, and complete with all accessories, including 9 real solid ivory balls (alone worth 3gs.); cost 9gs.; sacrifice, bargain; price £3 15s.; perfect condition guaranteed.—Box 4338, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, well-built Boat for sea fishing, sound condition, state measurements; would exchange, or part exchange, 12-bore hammerless gun, left choke, in new green case, by Jeffery, London, excellent condition, cost £30.—Box 4339, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

An English made Zither Banjo, by Tilley, excellent tone, as new; original cost £8 8s.; accept £3 3s., with case.—Box 4348, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature; exchange World's Great Books, complete unbound.—Box 4347, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Encyclopædia Britannica, very cheap for cash, condition immaterial; also revolving bookcase.—Box 4346, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache grower free.—Pendun's moustache pomade forces one like magic, any age; week's full supply sent by return in plain wrappers free for 3d. stamps for postage, &c.—A. Pendun (Dept. 2), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for E.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

BUER'S PILE CURE gives instant relief in the worst cases and absolutely cures in a few days. 1s. 1½d., post free, **PLAIN WRAPPER**, or sample and full particulars, penny stamp.—Buer Mul-la Co., 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£300 British Homes House purchase policy for sale, £47 5s. paid; what offers?—Box 4352, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£400 Provident Ballot Bond, £38 paid, available full advance July, 1912; what offers?—Box 4353, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Endowment. House-Purchase Certificate, London and Provincial Assurance Company, £39 paid, purchaser could obtain house one year from transfer; what offers?—Box 4354, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders.—Wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion; post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Wanted, typewriter, excellent condition, ribbon preferred, lowest price, specimen work.—Box 4355, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Green's or Ransomes' lawn mower, perfect condition; state size; price cash or offer.—Box 4356, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black hanging clock, in thorough order, 3gs. Will exchange gentleman's evening dress suit.—Box 4357, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Genuine 5s. Ingersoll watches, brand new, in perfect order, a few to clear, 3s. 6d. each; postage and packing, 3d. extra.—Box 4307, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Safety razor, complete in case, with 7 blades, &c., cost 21s., when new; bargain; accept 4s. 3d., post free.—Box 4225, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 100 Hearson's Incubator, foster mother guaranteed.—Box 4360, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Riding saddle, pigskin, complete with girths and stirrups, excellent condition, suitable for gentleman's use, 37s. 6d.; a bargain.—Box 4358, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tamlin 100-Chick Foster Mother, used 2 seasons only, excellent condition, 42s., cost £4 new; also Meech's Bone-Cutter, nearly new, 30s., cost 42s.—Box 4359, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

3 Thornton-Pickard patent double-plate holders, 5 by 4 aluminium exposure shutters and recorders, listed 9s. 6d. each, nearly new, the 3, post free, 12s. 6d.; also Helix film washer, 2s. 6d.—Box 4361, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Sale, ½-plate Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera, opening up instantly ready for exposure, fitted with a Goerz focal plane shutter, adjustable speeds from 1-8th to 1-1000th part of a second, also time, Goerz Celor lens, F4.8 film pack adapter, 3 double dark slides, complete with leather case, £10, or near offer.—Box 4362, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

Fretwork Treadle Machine, genuine bargain, take 6s. 6d. quick sale.—Box 4363, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Quite new, 16s. 6d. Swan Fountain Pen, 10s.—Box 4364, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Good on Approval.

12 S. 6 D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32 S. 6 D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10 S. 6 D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10 S. 6 D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent's solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.



MR. EUGEN SANDOW.

This is a photograph showing the beautiful physical development of one who has done more than any other man to encourage others to emulate his example in securing perfect health and strength.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugen Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve

the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The Chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at

Suitable for age

12s. 6d.	18 and up.
10s. 6d.	14 to 18.
10s. 6d.	16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.